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"REJECT THE AMENDMENT—DEPOSE THE PRESIDENT."

ADDRESS

BY

WENDELL PHILLIPS

AT THE COOPER INSTITUTE, NEW YORK OCT. 25, 1866.

A TOLERABLY fair audience assembled at the Cooper Institute last evening to hear Wendell Phillips on the all-engrossing topics of the times. His special subject had been announced as follows: "Reject the Amendment—Depose the President."

Aaron M. Powell, Editor of THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, called the meeting to order, and introduced Mr. Phillips, who was received with applause, and spoke as follows:

ADDRESS OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: This is the 25th day of October, 1866. On the 25th day of October, 1865, standing on this platform, I ventured to say that the President of the United States, instead of being a mistaken friend was a determined enemy of the Republic; that, instead of being a comrade to be conciliated, he was a foe to be opposed—instead of a bulwark to hide behind, he was an obstacle to be removed. I ventured to say that the rebellion, defeated in Virginia, had taken up its headquarters in the White House. But one-tenth of my audience accepted my statement, and nine-tenths received it with hisses or silent indigation. An eventful year has rolled over our heads since; and I think if the vote was taken in any audience in the land to-night, the proportion that dissented from me then would agree with me to-day. (Applause.) So much the events of the year have taught us. Well, friends, my mission, as I understand it, to-night, is to warn you again that the danger from that quarter has not ceased; but the greater danger that lowers ahead is that the rebellion, quartered in the White House, intends in its next move to encamp under the dome of the Capitol, and in the Senate Chamber and House of Representatives. It has taken possession of one section of the government; its present plan is to take possession of the whole. I didn't utter my prediction a year ago because I feared the rebellion. Men said I was afraid of the South. A man does not exhibit any undue fear of starvation when he plants wheat. A man does not express any undue anxiety about getting home when he inquires the shortest road. I believed then, as I believe now, that the masses of the Republic, duly warned, would save it from any enemy, inside or out; but I believe there never has been any enemy to be dreaded outside of our own lines. No; not in the darkest hour of our civil war was there any danger outside the lines. Our whole danger has always been inside—in our fears, in the irresolution, the haste, the immaturity, the distrust in our own ranks. One of the greatest evils of democracy is that it is too much in a hurry. It would reap almost before it has sown. It digs out its seed every twelve hours to see how it has sprouted. The haste to-day is to reconstruct the form of the republic. Now oligarchy has one great merit; it never hastes. Without haste, without rest, the far-seeing and patient dozen or hundred men lay their plans for their generation and the next, watching, undeterred by temporary disaster, undismayed by any result, however unforseen, and going steadily onward till they reap complete success. What we want to engraft on democracy is the patient foresight, the long waiting, the readiness to see events unfold themselves in natural proportion and order. Every man who undertakes to advise his fellow-citizens to-day is to advise them not to be in a hurry. The struggle is not of forms, but of ideas.

What have we been doing? The South, not a geographical section but an idea, represented by a faith which repudiated the Declaration of Independence, which believed that one-third of the race was born booted and spurred, and the other two-thirds saddled and bridled for that one-third to ride, which believed in gags and Lynch law, in the bowie-knife and the flames as the test of public opinion, which sent women to jail for teaching poverty to read, which made its streets unsafe for free speech to tread—that South rose in rebellion against the open Bible, against the equality of manhood before the law, against ungagged lips and the Declaration of Independence, and that South was whipped. Now the question comes what that victory means. If it means anything it does not mean dragging South Carolina to the feet of Massachusetts and chaining her with clamps of iron. It means that North making over that South in its own likeness till South Carolina gravitates by natural tendency to New England. (Applause.) Every other close of the rebellion is a sham. Every haste to complete any other seeming close of it is treachery, conscious or unconscious. Now that reconstruction can be had but in one way, the South must be open to the capital, to the energy, to the principles, to the habits of the North. It must be a free passage and a free dwelling place for Northern principles and Northern capital, as the West has been. What makes the West in the likeness of New York and New England? Because the old and rich States poured out of their abundance on the prairies and made them over in their own likeness, constructed them as sister States. That process is the inevitable and indispensable process for the territory South of Mason and Dixon's line. Men toss about the word "reconstruction" as if it meant Alexander Stephens seated side by side with Charles Sumner, as if it meant Wade Hampton and Judge Kelley under the roof of the House of Representatives. As well send a couple of puppets to play Representatives and Senators. Reconstruction begins when the South yields up her idea of civilization and allows the North to permeate her channels and make her over. That is the right which victory has given to the better and dominant idea. Now until that process commences reconstruction is not commenced. No jugglery of party, no sounding names, no donning of official robes, makes one hour's step towards reconstruction. It is only rebellion in a new form. It is only the South assuming her old power, undismayed and unweakened by this effort and the failure of her rebellion. Well, now it is as plain as the sun at noonday that the South itself does not accept that situation. From Wade Hampton down to the most silent member of her dominant race there is not one single indication anywhere that the South accepts that situation. On the contrary, by every confession and by every act that comes to us from the other side of the line, she repudiates it. She has committed no treason, she has forfeited no rights. The North has acquired nothing but her old constitutional compromises to use against her neighbor.

I said a year ago on this platform that Jeff Davis never intended to leave Washington. He was too wise a man for that. He never intended to rebel. He was too wise a man for that. He intended to remain in Washington, to be the government, to hold in his hand the army and the navy, and to receive the diplomacy of the sisterhood of nations. He and the South were to be the government and we, if we chose, were to be the rebels; and the South has regretted that fatal step ever since. Jeff Davis quitted Washington urged by the haste of his own supporters, by the unthinking enthusiasm and red hot zeal of his own people. He was precipitated into rebellion, but he never meant to be a rebel. In the first ninety or one hundred days every sagacious man in the South saw the mistake, and every effort in arms was a distinct and specific effort to redeem that step. They failed; and soon after the death of Lincoln a new chapter opened in the history of the South. She resumed her old purpose, and failing in an outside fight against the flag, she means to rule beneath it.

Her plot is just what it was in 1861—to be the government; and in thirty days after the death of Lincoln she had her tool—her willing, conscious, confessed, avowed tool, seated in the White House. (Applause.) Men say Johnson has betrayed the Republican party. Betrayed it to whom! To Weed? To Richmond? To Cagger? To the Democrats? No, he did not stop long enough even to be counted in that camp. He betrayed both to the actual rebels south of the line. Your children—if my instincts are right—your children will live to see the evidence in black and white that from the 4th day of July, 1865, Andy Johnson was hand and glove not with the Democratic party—he did not linger long enough with it even to betray it (applause)—but hand and glove with the prisoner of Fortress Monroe and his coadjutors. Yes, the perils through which the Republic has found its way hitherto unarmed, the dangers from which the masses have saved their own government, fifty years hence, will show, as I believe, more fearful than the hardest of us ever suspected. The weak and the wicked brain of Secretary Seward, I believe, planned not only a *coup d' etat* on Congress, but actually to remodel this government itself, and to-day the South, under the leadership of Andy Johnson, means, as every great minority has always meant, under such circumstances. History does not show us anywhere a single instance where a large minority ever surrendered their purposes after one unsuccessful effort. The South does not mean to do it. She leaped into the saddle from the very moment that Lee surrendered, and to-day, encamped in the White House, her object is to take possession of the government and fight that same battle between oligarchy and freedom over again inside the flag. Gen. Butler says, when you lay before him this programme, "If she does we will rebel." I do not rebel, the nation is mine. (Cheers.) This battle is to be fought by us as the nation, and every other power on the outside. (Cheers.) I believe, then, that the President of the United States for the last twelve months has been the conscious agent of the purposes of the leading rebels South to continue this war on the new phase, in the phase they originally meant to initiate it, as the government itself seated in Washington, recognized by foreign nations, the Treasury and the army theirs, and the North, if necessary in the attitude of rebellion. Well, what have we to guard against? That plot which no man need doubt after the revelations which the President has made within the last six months. What have we to guard against it? Is the Cabinet anything? What are its materials? An Attorney-General selected because he would be a tool, and because a long career in the dirty business of his profession made him the fit tool of such an Executive. A Secretary of the Treasury who is so much one with his master that if the thing be consummated he will more likely be the tempter than the tempted. A Secretary of the Navy, whose thorough incompetency for his work is such that his very holding of the office is a farce, and his utter corruption so notorious that any honest act in his administration must have been an oversight and a mistake. (Cheers and laughter.) A man who never had opinions, but was always ready to surrender his professions at the nod of his master. A Secretary of War whose career is utterly inexplicable, his last act may give us that key which will make it intelligible on a theory of honor, but at present it is in a cloud. (Loud laughter and cheers.) A Secretary of State—(derisive laughter)—whose best friends deny his wickedness on the sole ground that age has dimmed the intelligence of his prime. Is there any force in that Cabinet to withstand their chief? But men say that Congress and the Republican party are the bulwark. Well, the Republican party is mighty. The States that have spoken have spoken almost with a voice of unanimous approval, and the States that are to speak, in my opinion, will speak more unanimously still. (Cheers.) So far as the mere voice of the masses go, so far as the indorsement of what has appeared to be the spirit of Congress goes, we have strength enough and our only need is to ask what is the meaning of this Republican victory. How large and how great a step in this kind of reconstruction which I have described does Republican successes as such guaranty to us. Millions upon millions of popular votes! What real national strength in this struggle with the nation's undefeated foe does this insure us? Well, look at it! Congress separates on a plan which it calls the Amendment of the Constitution, and when Congress separates it tells the world that this is but a portion, an instalment of its plan of reconstruction; that even swallowed the whole of it, it has no pledge to give to the Territories South that they shall be formed into States and so admitted to the Union. But no sooner have the parties rallied and marshaled for the canvass than the National Republican Committee and the great State Committees of that party, and the leading journals that undertake to speak for it unanimously say to us: "If the South accepts these amendments, she may count upon an instant admission." Republican success in this canvass means the fulfilment of the pledge upon which it has been conducted, and that pledge, officially judged by its leading committees and its great journals, is that, the Amendment ratified, the South takes her place in the Senate and House of Representatives. So the Republicans offer; so the spectators interpret. The New York *Herald*, an astute observer, says to the South, "Accept; accept now, before the promise is withdrawn." Republican success, therefore, means—if you can interpret it to-day—in the first place, that south of Mason and Dixon's line is South Carolina. I deny it. The territory of South Carolina is there; the territory of Virginia is there, and a certain person quitting his proper functions, and usurping the Congressional powers, has undertaken to set up a pasteboard government, which he calls the State of South Carolina. But Radicalism and the North ignore it. It recognizes no result of Presidential usurpation. (Applause.) The South gains a point when Republican Committees and Republican journals talk of the State of Virginia. There is none. In due time Congress will see fit to initiate measures to make the Territory of Virginia a State. (Applause.) But in the meantime, south of the line exist only men and land, and some old names floating in the atmosphere before them, to which in due time we may give coherance and locality. But, you will say to me, this is not a fair statement. Well, I allow it needs an addition, for the state of this political canvass is unprecedented, while all that I have said is true, while leading journals and National and State Committees hold this language, go with me to the caucus addressed by Gen. Wilson, Mr. Ashley of Ohio, Mr. Kelley of Pa., by Gov. Banks of my State, by Boutwell of Groton, by any man from Massachusetts back to St. Louis, standing face to face with with his constituents, and what is his language? I would not admit a single Southern State till the black man has a vote. (Cheers.) While the *Tribune* and *Post*, while National and State Committees are pledging to the South this boon of admission, the leading men of the Republican party, face to face with their constituents, are declaring that they believe in negro suffrage, and believe it indispensable to any safe reconstruction. Gen. Banks goes further still. He told his constituents in Middlesex: "I am not only most thoroughly convinced that negro suffrage is an inevitable and indispensable element of any just and safe reconstruction, but I know it to be a fact that a majority in the House of Representatives believe the same thing." Then why didn't they vote it? You go down into the popular caucuses, and every man is for suffrage, but when you go up into the House of Representatives, hardly a man is for suffrage. You know Charles Lamb when he was a youngster was taken to the burying-ground, and read all the tomb-stones, full of praise, and said he to his mother, "Where are the bad folks buried?" So when you have heard these speeches in caucus, you go into the Hall of Representatives and ask, "Where are the suffrage men?" Echo answers, Where? Dr. Waterhouse once said, in my own State, when the jury brought him in guilty: "Gentlemen of the jury, you have my entire respect, and, as a jury, my unmixed contempt." So I could say to these speakers in Pennsylvania, Illinois and Ohio, you have my respect, but the House of Representatives the contrary. Did you ever see such a canvass? What is the reason of it? The reason is a hopeful one, ladies and gentlemen; the reason is one that shows us where our power comes in. Those men do not sit there as representatives; they sit there as delegates. They do not rise to the independence of representatives; they do not go there to say to each other, "What is necessary?" "What is best?" "What do you think is the wisest and safest course to make this country over again?" But one man says, "How much will your constituents bear?" "Mine will bear so much," and they vote on it in that way. They show us that, as even in the past, so also in the future, what *we will* the House will enact, and what we are to say to them this Fall is, "Go back and enact, not what you suppose your constituents want, but what you have avowed your own convictions to be. I take Mr. Wilson of my own State. Men say that I am hard upon him, that I criticize him unduly. I only say in public and before his face what all his friends say in private and behind his back. I only say that he came before the public in September, and says: "I knew that Andrew Johnson had betrayed the Republican party last January, but I thought I would try and conciliate him, and so I held on and kept quiet." What do we send men to the Senate Chamber for? Do a hundred men govern this country, or the *masses?* Can the people be trusted with facts, or are they to be hidden in the breasts of statesmen? You have one-half of the Republican party-leaders undertaking to tell us that they have known all Winter that Andrew Johnson was a traitor, but meanwhile they have let popular sympathy and confidence and respect cohere and grow around him until they have strengthened a new party; whereas, if they had told the truth when they discovered it; if every man who saw him treacherous had deserted him when they saw it, he would not, since January, have secured adherents enough to be visible upon the surface of public affairs. (Applause.) I contend, in the present state of the canvass, the treachery of the Republican party is in its leaders, and that he who knows such facts and keeps them secret for six mouths, letting the people in the meantime centre and crystalize in the wrong direction, manifests the genius of oligarchy instead of the open day of Republican confidence in the instincts and right intelligence of the people. This Amendment, which we are told by the official voice—and that is the only one to which we can listen—is to be a bridge to restore the South to its old place in the government, undertakes, in the first place, to engraft into the Constitution of the United States a new feature. As the nineteenth century opens before us the largest and most progressive minds of both continents are undertaking to enlarge the political arena, while the Constitution of the United States stands ready to-day to expand with the opening demands of the nineteenth century. Yes, the timid and cowardly policy of a party bound only upon its own perpetuation undertakes to engraft into that Constitution the word "male," confining us in the onward march of the suffrage question to one sex. I repudiate all limitations. (Applause.) Our fathers left it uncommitted to face the demands of the opening century. I would leave it uncommitted. The Amendment, secondly, undertakes to ignore entirely the rights of the negro to the help of the government. To-day we have the right to protect him, and the power. The Amendment surrenders both into the hands of the dominant race of the Southern Territories. We have to-day the right, gained by battle, and we have the power, having the whole government machinery in our hands. We are pledged in honor, and by the necessities of a five years' war, to exercise both the right and the power. The Republican party undertakes to give up the right and the power and trust to the contingencies of a possible motive. They call it a *compromise.* Compromise is a respectable word. It covers a respectable fact. Compromise is when two men differ on a boundary and agree to settle it by mutual arrangement. Compromise is when two men disagree on the amount due each on a contract or from the profits of a business, and they sit down and arrange their mutual claims, honorable, just and equal. There never has been a compromise in American political history. We have elevated a *swindle* into a compromise and dignified it with the name. The white race of the North and the white race of the South came together in 1789 and sacrificed to their general advantage the rights of the absent blacks. A *swindle*—and they called it a *compromise!* Prussia and Russia met together on dismembered Poland, and separated it into fragments, and annexed it to the adjoining kingdoms, and called it a compromise. A swindle! The House of Representatives and Senate had an opportunity to amend the Constitution in safety, because 4,000,000 blacks held their places in the scale when the balance trembled between the North and South, and they sat down with a rebel President to swindle their allies out of their rights, and gave the Amendment to the country as a compromise; and Mr. Greeley bowed to it, as he has to every barefaced swindle for the last twenty years. Mr. Greeley says if I would "only be soft-spoken and conciliating;" "if I would only use gentle terms, and lead men without their knowing where!" He paints himself as driving Jefferson Davis into impartial suffrage, while the great Rebel imagines he is establishing his darling confederacy, like the Irishman and pig that thought he was going to Cork when his face was toward Dublin—a suggestive picture, but which is the pig and which the driver? Which the conciliator and which the dupe? (Laughter.) But it is no matter of merriment, for the Republican party does not believe that these Constitutional Amendments are conducting them to impartial suffrage. The masses may be deluded for a moment into the idea, but the leaders know, and accept these amendments because they know that they are conducting to the perpetuity of their party, and possibly to the salvation of the national finances. They know this in their hearts; they accept and endorse them because they know that in order to perpetuate the party and save the finances, they must throw overboard the burden of the negro's claim. That very same leader of your great and often meritorious journal, eighteen months ago, when I undertook by way of protest to announce that if ever the Congress of the United States assumed the rebel debt, I would agitate for its repudiation until my dying day, and claim then, by way of previous notice, my right to do so, that same journal warned me not to run a tilt against windmills. But eighteen months later—to-day—the same statesmanship bows to the Constitutional Amendments—a swindle, as they are—to avoid the catastrophe to our finances which eighteen months ago it termed a windmill. And this is the practical statesmanship which you are called upon to trust! I do not deny the services of that great editor, any more than I deny the services of Mr. Wilson in any of the years gone by; I do not ask you not to respect them; I only ask you not to trust them. They have showed no qualities to entitle them to leadership or to prove fitness for it. The Constitutional Amendment, so far as the negro is concerned, is a swindle, and don't delude anybody with the respectable but misused term of "compromise." The absent, the unheard, the disfranchised race is sacrificed between the upper and nether millstone of rebeldom, while the Republican party knowingly, systematically and persistently sacrifice it to preserve their political supremacy. Why, on the sacrifice of the black, the white race resumes its place, practically at the helm of State! How long will they be a minority? How long on questions of finance will they be a *minority*, [illegible] the same political strength when they re-enter that House and Senate that they had before 1861. They had used it for fifty years with uninterrupted triumph, except in the matter of Kansas. Why should they fail in time to come? Vice-President Hamlin told you, if not from this platform, then from another in this city, how he was approached in Texas time with bonds worth $5, that his vote was to make worth $100 in twenty-four hours. With millions upon millions of that very security floating in the House of Representatives, with fifty or sixty Southerners wielding them, how soon would the revolutionary enthusiasm chill the ordinary earthly and political virtue, how soon will the finances of the country be a football, like all other political questions, and the South dominant as of yore? The Constitutional Amendment is not only a swindle on the negro, but it is giving us back to that same political perambulation that ruled this country essentially from 1801 to 1860. Put your foot upon it; reject it; send it drifting, with a hundred other schemes of Constitutional Amendments, and send back Congress into its halls with orders to admit no Southern territory at present, nor perhaps till long after the 4th of March, 1869. (Applause.) I don't believe in reconstruction. Streets running with blood; capital driven away; free speech suicidal. That South is to be made to repudiate her old maxims; she is to be rooted up, to be made over, to be smothered, to be outgrown, to be covered over with a rich and prosperous growth of Northern emigration, brains and money before you can begin even to rebuild the States. (Cheers.) Men say that the Radicals hate the South. There is a class of magnanimous Christians who talk about nothing but conciliation. Conciliation! who have been the friends of the South for forty years? The Abolitionists who have stood upon her borders and warned her of the lesson that concerned her peace, who have told her that she was running a race that could end in nothing but a collision with the spirit of the Nineteenth Century; who told her she was beckoning bankruptcy and blood to be her guests. We told it to her for a quarter of a century. We urged her to get rid of an institution that could only commit her finally to that which "biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." Her day has come, and bankruptcy and ruin have covered all her fields. Who stands ready now to rebuild her waste places, to make her valleys laugh with prosperity—to crown her hillsides with safety, make her streams vocal with busy spindles and cover her rivers with richly-freighted boats? Why, the men that undertook to tell her that she must come into line with the nineteenth century, if she expects to live or prosper—(applause)—the men who exhorted her to give up her faith in the sham and chaff which she calls politics. Meanwhile Christian ministers go about and urge, not that you should forgive iniquity, but that you should take the State prisoners and make them Presidents of Wall st. banks. Why, I knew a man once, a machinist and locksmith, who broke into half a dozen of our banking institutions, and finally found his way to State Prison. I was one of the sufferers by his ingenuity. When he came out of that wholesome institution he sought me out, and begged that I would set him up again in the business of locksmith and machinist. If I had gone to Plymouth, he would have said, "That is conciliation." Concilliation is twin sister to common sense. The man who has sinned against the nation is to be conciliated just as fast and as far as is for his own well being and the safety of the nation. The Radical will conciliate the South to its own blessing, and to the safety of the nation which we have fought so long to preserve. This bastard Christianity is like John Holland and his infant boy Charles James Fox, whom he brought up on this system of conciliation. Charles once drew his father's watch out of his pocket, worth 100 guineas. Said he, "Father, I want to break that watch and stamp on it." "Why, I would not do that Charles; it is worth a great deal of money." "No matter, I want to stamp on it." "Yes, but I wouldn't." You see the old man was kind. "I wouldn't; if you keep it whole, I will have a watch." "No matter, I want to stamp on it." "Well, if you must, you must." So certain conciliators say to the South: "Do what you will, the motive should be in your own breast not to do so." Well, that was a very good argument in the old times when we were bound in the *Solomon* seal of what we called the terms of the Constitution, and couldn't do any better. But times have changed. You remember the old legend: the fisherman took a casket out of the sea, and found on its cover the seal of Solomon, and broke it, and out of it rose the giant till he lifted into colossal shape, and raised his right hand to crush the interloper; and then, by a cunning story, the fisherman got him back into the bottle, and shut it and threw it into the sea. Now we stand in just that position to-day. War broke the Solomon seal of the Constitution, and the North rose to her legitimate proportions. Hovering over her rival, victory placed in her right hand the wholesome sceptre that would crush the obstacle to a harmonious nation forever. Then came the pulpit and the *Tribune*, and advised us to go into the bottle. (Laughter and applause.) For one I shall not go into the bottle again till I have crushed every obstacle that victory has given me the right to annihilate. (Applause.) No more compromises of the Constitution, no more surrender of the omnipotence of the war power, until Louisiana and South Carolina are made over in the likeness of New England, and run, like kindred drops, indistinguishably into one. (Applause.) And in order to do that, the very first task I would set the reassembled Congress, before they look at the Amendment or utter the word reconstruction, is to impeach the Rebel at the White House [Loud cheers.] Let the territories of Louisiana and South Carolina take care of themselves. We are going to attend to the machine of government that belongs to us. [Applause.] And the first process to commence is to impeach the Rebel who has usurped the functions of President. [Cheers renewed.] *Rebel!* Too dignified a designation. The great *mobocrat* of the White House. [Applause.] Yes: does he want a mob in New Orleans; he ignores Gov. Wells. Does he want a mob in Baltimore; he recognizes Gov. Swann. [Cheeers.] Law or no law, State or no State, limited authority or omnipotence, no matter which, provided a mob is the result. Impeach the mobocrat of the White House; and the second step is—depose him. [Applause.] An impeachment is of no value if, while it drags its length through the Senate Chamber, the impeached party wields the navy and army and the patronage of the government against the impeaching House and the judicial Senate. The moment the Executive of the United States is impeached, statesmanship and the Constitution and the necessities of the hour, dictate that his place should be supplied—[applause]—until an acquittal restores him to office, or a condemnation subjects us to the choosing of a new President and Vice-President to supply the places of the dead and the deposed. I know men shrink from this step of interfering with the functions of the Executive. But the Constitution undertakes to give us the power of impeachment in such shape that ordinarily speaking, it is utterly unapproachable. There is no chance that in any ordinary time the President of the United States should be ever practically liable to impeachment. Such an emergency as the present, and such an uprising of the popular enthusiasm as the civil war has left, is only concurrence of circumstances that renders it a possibility. And that same emergency dictates that we should exhaust the arsenal of the constitutional weapons to make it efficient. I would, therefore, set the precedent. Like the English nation in '88, I would make the law of the realm and initiate a constitutional precedent. A farce and a sham is the attempt to try the President while he remains in office. In the nature of the trial, there is nothing to repudiate the step, and there is everything under the circumstances to dictate it. I say, therefore, impeach the President; and while he is on trial sequester him. What is the advantage? Then *we* run the machine. [Laughter.] Then, the undivided North—the loyal nation—managing its own government, that reconstruction which I endeavored to describe to you commences at once. The moment that rebel hand leaves the helm, New Orleans is safe for New York capital and New York men. [Applause.] The moment the Senate of the United States breathes the breath of its own spirit into the government, Massachusetts may remodel Louisiana—not till then. But men say, "You jeopard the party, you embarrass the present situation of affairs. There are great arguments for peace; therefore, says the *Tribune*, you should not attempt it. Gentlemen, the present defect in our overgrnment is that when we have once accepted a pivotal man, we have got to keep him for four years. Andrew Johnson, when once planted on this government will stay four years. It is a great defect, perhaps an inevitable one, in the machinery of republican institutions. In England, when the people are weary of Earl John, in an hour they have Earl Derby. In twelve hours, weary of him, they may put John Bright at the head of the government. [Loud cheers.] The Queen governs only in the sense that she reigns. She does not rule. In the true sense of the word, she does not govern, she only reigns. The English machine, therefore, within the limitation of its level, obeys at once re-educated public impulse. With us, in ordinary times, we must wait four years before the government can right itself. In ordinary times, we should be obliged to bear Andy Johnson till the 4th of March, 1869. But his treachery, his collusion with rebels, his resistance to the laws of Congress, the blood of New Orleans upon his conscience, his sins against the whole essence and spirit of the hour, enable us to remove him. [Applause.] I, for one, am not for waiting two long years to commence this inevitable initiation reconstruction of Southern territory. I am not for waiting two years, while a Rebel in the White House builds up the Southern aristocracy, gives it strength, cohesion, organization, prosperity, capital. I am not for waiting two years with the States of the South in the Senate and House, on Hamlin's principle, to manipulate this government into submission. The right and the power are ours, and I would commence to-day by sequestering rebeldom from the government, the control of the governmental machine by the nation. [Applause.] And that is only to be done by not alone the impeachment of Mr. Johnson, but by sequestering him from office while the trial goes forward. Mark you, there is but one problem before us. Johnson, Republicanism, Senators here and Representatives there, are puppets. The nation has but one business; it is to make the idea that conquered in this war dominant down to the Gulf. [Loud applause.] It is to make free speech, free printing, freedom of commerce, energy and enterprise the law of the Republic; and when that process commences peace commences. When that process commences, reconstruction commences—not till then. All that I say to you of parties, all that I say to you of impeachment, has no individual purpose. Johnson is but a weight to be forgotten, I hope, to-morrow. But remove him in order to begin the great national duty. This is our only object. It seems to me as if the talk of men in this question forgot the very essence of the duty to which they were set. We are chopping logic; we are amusing with empty words, while we are constantly forgetting that our only and indispensable work is not yet even begun. Not only that, we have not arranged the machinery by which to begin it. We have not removed the first obstacle to it. Why, here is Gen. Grant, the armed hand of the government, and men link his name with epithets of honor. Why, Andy Johnson is responsible in a primary sense for the massacre at New Orleans; but in the true sense Ulysses S. Grant is responsible also. The most humiliating position occupied to-day by any honest man on this continent is occupied by Ulysses S. Grant. [Applause and hisses, and cries of "No," "No."] Well, you hiss me. Have we conquered New Orleans or have we not? Does it belong to us or to Jefferson Davis? [A Voice—"Davis."] The theory is that it belongs to us. And if it does, whose business is it to see that the streets of New Orleans are safe for every man who has a right to walk under the flag? Whose business is it? [Voices—"Grant," "Johnson."] The armed hand of the government, wreathed in tobacco smoke, bathes in the soft breezes of the lakes while the national banner clings in every Southern State to the flagstaff heavy with Union blood! [Applause.] Imagine Ireland in rebellion; imagine it subdued; imagine the news to go to London, while the Iron Duke held the war office, that an Englishman cheering for victory had been murdered in the streets of Cork. Do you suppose that Wellington would have gone on a pleasure jaunt with the Queen to the Isle of Wight or to the Highlands? He would have been in six hours in the streets of Cork, and if there had been soldiers enough in the British empire it would have been safe for an Englishman to walk those streets. If the rebellion is subdued the proof of it is that the flag protects the citizen everywhere. Durant of New Orleans, a man of whom Gen. Butler said to me, "He is Choate in rhetoric and Sam. Adams in character"—he quits New Orleans because the streets are not safe for him. While that is necessary either the rebellion is not subdued or treason guides the government and makes Grant its tool. [Applause.] Gen. Grant can anticipate trouble in Baltimore. He knows beforehand that there may be bloodshed in the streets of Maryland; he can hold long Cabinet councils with this man and that to see that there was no riot that can favor Radicalism in Baltimore. Why didn't he know of the riot in New Orleans. If he did know, why didn't he hurry to the spot? I claim it of the war arm of the government that if we have conquered the South it shall be safe for a Northern man anywhere where the flag floats. [Applause.] What is it to me that the flag floats in safety over Faneuil Hall as it has for sixty years? If Gen. Grant is at the head of the military forces of the United States, he is there to make that flag my protection as much at Memphis as in the streets of Boston. [Cheers.] If he has not troops enough to do it, why don't he go to Congress and say so? If he has troops enough, why don't he do it? Does any man hinder him? If there is any hinderance in the nation, what is his duty? To tell us of it? [Applause.] If the head of the national forces is not permitted to make the streets of the nation safe to its citizens, who hinders him? That fact he owes to the nation. Imagine the unanimity of the Northern rebuke—imagine the utter and absolute annihilation of Andy Johnson if Ulysses Grant had said at the time of New Orleans, "I wanted to prevent it but was not permitted to." What I claim of Northern men, politicians and generals alike, is that if to their knowledge there is treachery in high places, they should tell *us?* [Applause.] I don't ask them to submit to the indignity of office when they are not permitted to discharge its duties. I don't allow them to misrepresent the responsibility of office while they don't try to perform its duties. No; while New Orleans and Memphis are possible, I assert again—and a year hence you will agree with me [laughter]—that the most humiliating position occupied to-day by an American is held by the Lieutenant-General of the United States. [Cries of "No!" cheers and hisses.] I have compared him to an Engiishman. Let me, at the risk of some State partiality, come nearer home. Put our Ben. Butler into the Lieutenant-General's position. [Great applause.] Give him the command of the forces of the United States [cheers], and do you believe New Orleans would have been possible! ["No!" "Never!"] Or if by some unforeseen accident it had taken place, do you suppose that Monroe would have lived to-day to boast that he had defied the United States and bathed the Streets of New Orleans with the most loyal blood of its citizens? ["No!" "Never!"] Men say Gen. Grant stays in his office for fear the President should put a worse man in. Do you suppose that if Gen. Grant had resigned because he was not permitted to do his duty, that the army of the United States could have been held by anybody against Sherman and Grant with Congress behind them? ["No."] It is the idlest farce in the world, fellow-citizens. We have a set of men, one-half intentional traitors and the other half willing to wait until the 4th of March before they resist them, and you let the government hitch and stagger along under just that condition of things. What I demand of Senators is, when they see a traitor in the White House, to spread it to the wings of the wind until the people rebuke it out of existence. ["Good."] And what I demand of the army of the United States, from Lieutenant-General down, is that they make the streets of the cities of the conquered Republic safe for every man to tread. [Cheers.] I listen to no talk of constitutional amendments. I want to hear nothing of reconstruction. I do not care what becomes of Jefferson Davis. He is older than the ark. [Laughter.] The question of his punishment is one that landed on Mount Ararat. The question of to-day is whether the President of the United States is to be allowed for two years to hold this government over the edge of Niagara; and whether Senators and Lieutenant-Generals are to stand out of motives of etiquette silent, and journals are to preach conciliation. I say no. The war is not ended! The fight recommences in a new shape. If Gen. Grant has surrendered, as Gen. Sherman did to Johnston, if he, like Sherman, has surrendered to Johnson, let us know it. This people are bound and certain to save the nation. We have got every element on our side. I don't doubt it. Colerige said, government was made up of three elements: one was, and the first, submission to law, power to co-operate, power to act together; and the second was allegiance to something—a family, a law, a charter—and the third was loving your national

brother better than anything else in the world. The North had the three elements, the South hadn't. We were law-abiding citizens; we worshipped the common law and the Constitution. It stood to us in the place of Bonaparte to the Frenchman, and Charles Stuart to the Highlander; and then Illinois, and Massachusetts, and Ohio, and New York, and Pennsylvania, and Wisconsin were closer than any other States on the face of the globe. The elements of nationality were ours, and with the army and navy in our hands, we were certain to crush out Rebeldom. We are certain to do it do-day. [Cheers.] All we want is honest, plain-spoken, intelligent men to lead. I do not fear the President. Fear him! I never read one of his speeches, I never heard of one of his actions that he did not remind me of a scene I saw painted once, the way the poor persons in the outermost provinces of Russia hunt the bear. Too poor to buy muskets and his hide impervious to any arrows they can make, they practice on his credulity. He loves honey. They go to a honey tree and fasten a peg above the hole where the bees have built and to that peg they hang a cannon ball or a stone. When the bear comes to push his head in for the honey he moves the stone and it comes back upon him. Angry at the blow, he gives it another, it comes back with still stronger force. Aroused and enraged, he pushes the moving pendulum with a still stronger blow, and it comes back with the added momentum. His ignorant rage, growing hotter and more stupid with every recoil, keeps up the battle with the uninjured, unimpassioned pendulum; and so time after time he swings it, till, to use a well known phrase, it swings round the whole circle. The force of his own blow measures that of the recoil. [Laughter.] Well, now, Vermont was a good blow, Maine was a better, Ohio was appalling, and Indiana and Iowa were terrific, but Pennsylvania was a settler. [Laughter and applause.] And when Massachusetts and Connecticut and New York and Illinois and all the rest of the States swing the circle, why I should have no fear of that individual obstacle. [Applause.] It is not there that my anxiety rests. It is in the Republican party, and Congress itself. For the sake of expediency—fearful of each other, fearful of certain results—they postpone the battle as if when Lee and Grant met in their final encounter, they had come together, counted troops, and then postponed the fight a twelvemonth. No postponement until the 4th day of March, 1869. The fight begins on the 5th day of December, 1866, and from that hour the machine is to be exclusively ours. [Cheers.] Do our duty, and in 1869 we shall be in a far different state from this. We have had traitors before. We had one in the White House. He called himself a "public functionary." [Laughter.] Last year he has been writing a book to show the world why his treason did not succeed. [Laughter.] We have got his twin in the White House to-day. [Laughter.] He calls himself an "humble individual." [Laughter.] Let us do our duty in December, and long before the 4th of March, 1869, he will be making speeches to explain why he did not succeed. [Loud cheers.]

The meeting then adjourned.

OUTRAGES ON FREEDMEN.

FIENDISH MURDER—GUERILLAS IN HENRY COUNTY—FAILURE OF THE COURTS TO PUNISH WHITE MEN FOR CRIMES COMMITTED AGAINST NEGROES—U. S. TROOPS SENT TO THE COUNTY—IMPORTANT LETTER FROM GEN. TILLSON.

Special Correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune.

AUGUSTA, Ga., Oct. 17, 1866.

THE following affidavit gives an account of a murder, as cold-blooded and deliberate as any that ever disgraced any civilized community:

State of Georgia, County of Richmond: Personally appeared before me one Tena Thomas (a freedwoman), of Columbia County, State of Georgia, who doth depose and say, that on this (Oct. 16, 1866) morning, about 2 o'clock, some twenty men, citizens of County and State aforesaid, came to my house and knocked and asked me to open the door. I said, wait till I get my clothes on. In the meantime they threatened if we did not open the door, they would break in and kill us (Harry Thomas, my husband and myself). Soon after, I opened the window at the side of the house and jumped out and started to run, thinking they would take me and give my husband a chance to escape. About the same time my husband jumped out of another window and run under the house. Then they shot at me, and I stopped. They then took me and choked me to make me tell where my husband was. They then put handcuffs on me, and one of them said, "What will we do with her?" Smith said, "Kill her, d—n her." They threatened to shoot me and began to choke me, when I cried murder, when my husband came out and shot one of the party. Then nearly a dozen of the party fired at my husband and killed him. They then went off and left the handcuffs on me. I live on Thomas Beal's (deceased) plantation, which is eight miles from Columbia County Court-House, near the road leading to Augusta.

I did not recognize any of the party except Edward Perrin, John Perrin, Isaac Smith, and Charles Bastin,

her
Signed: TENA X THOMAS.
mark.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 16th day of October, 1866, at Augusta, Ga. Signed: W. F. WHITE, Capt. V. R. C., and A. G. A. Com., Augusta, Ga.

Last Thursday, Harry Thomas, the murdered man, appeared at Gen. Tillson's office, and made a statement which was substantially as follows: He was farming a plantation of some 600 acres, 200 of which he had sub-leased to two Northern men, one of whom is named Lacy. On the plantation was a cotton-gin and press, which, being out of order, Thomas and a neighbor (a white man), named Isaac Smith, conjointly repaired. Thomas allowed his Northern friends to use the press, and Smith, hearing that they were using it, went to Thomas's place, and demanded by what authority he had permitted the Yankees to use the press. Thomas replied that the press was on his place, and belonged to him so long as he had the plantation rented, and he, therefore, had a right to allow his friends to use it. This independence of the colored man offended Smith, who immediately drew a knife and attempted the life of Thomas, who, in self-defence, picked up a stone and knocked Smith down with it. He, however, very soon recovered, and made another attempt upon the life of Thomas, but was restrained by Mr. Lacy and some colored men present. Smith, however, swore he would kill Thomas at the first opportunity, and he, therefore, came immediately to the city, made a statement as above, and asked for advice, upon which Gen. Tillson gave him a letter to carry to the civil authorities of Columbia Co., requesting them to put Smith under bonds to keep the peace. Whether they took any action in the matter I have not learned. Thomas was a bright mulatto, and was esteemed an honorable, industrious and peaceful man; but his fate may be that of every colored man in the South who dares to offer the slightest resistance to the assault of a white man. He might probably have saved his life by running, but he could not leave his wife to be murdered, although he felt fully assured that he would sacrifice his own life in any attempt he might make to save her. When she cried "Murder," he rushed from his hiding-place, shot one of the party of murderers, and immediately fell, pierced by twenty balls! It is said that Smith and his party also intended to kill Mr. Lacy and his partner, but, having received word of their intentions, they concealed themselves. I must state that several of Smith's accomplices, it is said, are among the most respectable men of Columbia County!

Gen. Tillson sent a military force to apprehend the murderers. Smith and three others were brought in at noon to-day. The spirit of these negro-murderers was fully exhibited by Perrin, who said to Thomas's mother: "*I want you to understand that the damned Yankees have gone up, and you niggers must look out now!*" This, in plain English, simply means that while they have nothing but civil law to protect them, the freedmen can and will be maltreated and murdered with impunity, while the government leaves these poor people to be hunted down and killed as savage beasts by their former oppressors? If it does, surely God will punish the nation by a more severe ordeal than that through which we have passed within the past five years.

Nearly all Summer, a gang of bushwackers were engaged in committing outrages upon the freedmen in Henry, and adjoining counties; and, finally, finding that no notice was taken of their conduct by the civil authorities, Gen. Tillson was compelled to send a garrison of 72 men to McDonough. At this, the whites took great offense, and immediately called a public meeting, by which resolutions were adopted denying that outrages had been committed, protesting against the sending of United States troops to McDonough, and denouncing the agent of the Bureau.

In reply to those resolutions, Gen. Tillson presented the following plain statement of facts, from which the public can form their own judgments in regard to the present moral and political *status*, not of Henry County only, nor of Georgia, but of the entire South. Things are growing worse every day.

LETTER FROM GEN. TILLSON.

AUGUSTA, GA., Oct. 16, 1866.

GENTLEMEN: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of the 9th inst., forwarding copies of resolutions adopted in public meeting by the citizens of Henry County.

In reply, I beg leave to make the following statement: On the 18th of May last, reports reached these headquarters of outrages upon freed people, and threats on the part of citizens to shoot Mr. Phillips, agent of the Bureau, if he dared to arrest any person for whipping a "damned nigger."

May 25.—Similar reports were received.

July 20.—Information reached these headquarters of the existence of a gang of Jayhawkers in Henry County, who were whipping, robbing and killing freed people, and driving them from plantations where they were employed.

July 31.—I addressed a letter to the Judges of the Inferior Court, and the Sheriff of Henry County, calling upon the the civil authorities to enforce the laws, and protect the freed people.

This letter was sent through Mr. Phillips, who reported its delivery, and the reply of the Judge and Sheriff that they "*could not do anything.*" He farther reported that the outrages upon the freed people still continued: August 22, one G. D. Gardner whipped a freed girl most unmercifully. *The blood was oozing from her back and arms when she presented herself before the agent.* Gardner was arrested by the soldiers on duty with the agent, and afterward released on a writ of habeas corpus issued by the Hon. S. O. McDaniel, Judge of the County Court. The agent was instructed to rearrest Mr. Gardner and hold him under General Orders No. 44 (C. S.) from Headquarters of the Army unless the civil authorities instituted proceedings against him. The Judge of the County was informed of the instructions of the agent.

About this time the gang of outlaws before referred to murdered a freedman. The Agent reported that he asked the Judge if the guilty parties would be tried by him if they were arrested by the Agent. The Judge replied that he would not, that the arrest would be illegal. In addition to these reports others were received from Capt. Walbridge, A. S. A. Commissioner at Atlanta, and Capt. Ehlers at Griffin, that freed people who had been subjected to cruelties in Henry County had appeared before them to make complaint, bearing upon their bruised and bloody persons the proof of their statements.

Capt. Walbridge states that frequent complaints reached him from Henry county that the inhabitants *attacked the scholars and teachers of freedmen schools—stoned them on their way home and threatened to "kill every d—d nigger or white man" who upheld the establishment and continuation of the "nigger school."* He further states that he notified the civil authorities, and called upon them to remedy the evil; but they took no notice of it, and claimed they could not. In one instance a freedwoman was fearfully beaten, her person outraged, and afterward subjected to cruelties so atrocious and revolting that a description would be unfit for publication.

On one occasion after Mr. Phillips had arrested a man in pursuance of orders from these headquarters, a mob of armed citizens of the county, numbering from 100 to 200, compelled Mr. Phillips to release the prisoner.

On another occasion a United States soldier, in the performance of his duty, was fired upon, and on many other occasions the rightful authority of the government of the United States has been insulted, defied and treated with contempt by the citizens and civil authorities of Henry county.

Mr. Phillips reported to me personally that he called upon the Sheriff of Henry county, and asked him to arrest certain parties charged with committing outrages on the freed people. The Sheriff replied that "it would be unpopular to punish white men for anything done to a negro, it might be unsafe; that he was not going to obey the order of any d—d Yankee; and the rebellion was not over yet in Henry county." Facts which have come to my knowledge through other sources leave but little room to doubt the truth of this report.

But whether or not the civil authorities have at any time used the language reported, is of little consequence, for *it can be established by positive proof, that they have not diligently exercised their authority to preserve order and maintain peace, and that they have shown no little activity in releasing prisoners arrested by the Bureau Agents.* Notwithstanding that the agent is acting by virtue of a resolution of the Constitutional Convention of this State, and in compliance with the laws of the United States, the civil authorities have constantly and openly asserted that his acts were illegal and void, thereby giving aid and countenance to bad men, and weakening the only power which sought to protect the freed people.

During the time Mr. Phillips had held the office of Agent of this Bureau, he has been repeatedly threatened with death by citizens of the county, if he dared to execute his orders, and has received many anonymous communications to the same effect. On the 19th of August his office was a second time fired into by a band of armed men, and he compelled to leave the county.

The more important of the foregoing statements do not, by any means, rest solely upon the reports made by Mr. Phillips. Their truth can be established from affidavits and official documents on file at these headquarters, by testimony of officers of the army and citizens of the State, beyond a shadow of doubt, and in a manner to convince any impartial tribunal.

All peaceful efforts having been exhausted and failed, the civil authorities having shown themselves unable, or unwilling, to protect freed people in their rights of person and property, or bring to trial and punishment persons guilty of inflicting monstrous cruelties upon them, there was no alternative but to use military force, in compliance with General Orders No. 44, above referred to.

I shall hold the prisoners, and maintain a garrison in Henry county, until the conduct of the people and the action of the civil authorities warrant the belief that the laws will be enforced and all classes of citizens protected. Longer to trust mere professions in presence of facts in my possession would be to indulge in criminal credulity.

As the publication of the resolutions sent me tend to give the impression that the military authority have acted in an oppressive and tyrannical manner, without due investigation or knowledge of facts, I shall publish the foregoing statement.

I have altogether mistaken the character and intentions of the people of this State if, after reading this statement, they shall decide that my action has been hasty, ill-considered, or too severe.

I am gratified to add that this is the first instance in this State where the efforts to restore the supremacy of civil law, in a manner to protect the rights of all citizens, irrespective of color or condition, has proved so nearly a failure. I am, very respectfully your obedient servant,

DAVIS TILLSON, Brevet Maj.-Gen. Comm'dg.

ELIJAH FOSTER, Esq., Chairman; A. M. Campbell, Secretary.
McDonough, Henry County, Ga.

GENERAL CONGREGATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF NEW YORK.—This body met at Oswego on the 9th ult. and adjourned on the 11th. There was a good attendance and the meeting was spirited. The following resolutions were adopted unanimously and with enthusiasm, on *the state of the country*, the committee being the Rev. Drs. Holbrook, Daggett and Palmer, the Rev. Messrs. Strieby, E. Taylor, and S. S. N. Greeley.

Resolved, That we rejoice in the voice of the ballot-box, whose utterances begin to reach us to-day, giving the assurance that Southern traitors are to be defeated in spite of the aid of Northern allies, in their political schemes, as they were in their armed rebellion against the Republic.

Resolved, That we still adhere to our views, that treason should be made odious, and rebellion punished, and the government of the reconstructed States put into the hands of loyal men exclusively.

Resolved, That this nation is bound by every consideration of justice, honor and religion, to secure the welfare of the freedmen, as promised by President Lincoln and by President Johnson, and virtually by the nation, when it called them to arms in defence of the country.

Resolved, That we consider impartial suffrage, regardless of color, as the only ground of security for the peace of the country, the safety of the loyalists of the South, and the protection of the freedmen.

Resolved, That we rejoice in the demand for impartial suffrage by the white loyalists of the South, and that we will not cease to press in all suitable ways its adoption, until the principle shall triumph.

Resolved, That we give thanks to God for his wise and kind Providence over us as a nation, in the great crisis that has been upon us, and in its issues to this hour, and that we implicitly confide in His future care of the same momentous interests.

These elicited a lively debate before a large audience, and were passed *nem con.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1866.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

THE Twenty-ninth Annual Meeting of the PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY will be held in the city of PHILADELPHIA, in the Hall of the FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, on Thursday and Friday, November 22d and 23d. The Executive Committee cordially invite their coadjutors in other States, and all true friends of freedom, to attend and participate in the deliberations of the meeting. The subjects which will chiefly occupy the consideration of the Society are so entirely national in their character and of such vital importance, that the Meeting, though the Anniversary of a Pennsylvania Society, will be an occasion of interest to all true patriots both North and South.

The imminent dangers which beset the cause of universal freedom in our land, on one hand from the unrepentant and defiant rebels and their supple tool in the Presidential chair, and on the other hand, by the compromising policy of the best political party in the nation, warn the friends of the colored man to be vigilant, lest, in this momentous crisis, his rights, his real freedom, be again sacrificed, as they have so often been, in an attempt to secure a false peace and an artificial Union.

The Committee ask a full attendance of the members of the Society; urging them not to neglect this annual opportunity for consultation respecting the work which awaits the active hands and zealous hearts of Pennsylvania Abolitionists.

Among our friends from other States who will be present, and participate in the discussions of the Meeting, will be WENDELL PHILLIPS and AARON M. POWELL, Editor of THE STANDARD.

JAMES MOTT, Pres.

BENJAMIN C. BACON, Sec.

GRANT—SHERMAN.

"THE day has gone by," said a friend, "when a man can be President of the United States merely because he keeps his mouth shut." No buying again a "pig in a poke." There is a reticence which hides nothingness. Surely that is no qualification for responsible office. There is a reticence which hides something. We wish to know what that something is, before we trust such reticence with power.

If Gen. Grant's friends mean to ask the country's support of him as President, they must allow us at least a guess as to his opinions. In this battle of ideas a man must wear the uniform of one party or the other. This Gen. Grant declines to do. Then, like all neutrals, he must be watched and prevented from doing mischief, but never trusted. This conclusion we reach, judging him only by his words or lack of words. When we come to actions, he lets himself be the tool of the reaction. Alike from the duties which he neglects and from the subserviency which shows when he does act, we infer that Grant does not wish to have any opinions on the great National problem. He is content to be the unreasoning tool of men about him as his own guns were in Virginia. In these days however we need a man and not merely a figure-head for President. He who, holding the thunderbolts of the government in his hand, allowed the New Orleans massacre and the Memphis riot—the Commander who lets the world see that in the territory he professes to have conquered, law cannot be executed and no one of his own soldiers is safe beneath the flag, is either incompetent or disloyal. If this is a specimen of his fitness for office, the Nation has had more than enough of him. His failure should occasion no surprise. The routine soldier, like the routine sailor, is generally unfit for anything else.

Sherman can hide under no such excuse. There is no doubt he has genius. Emerson tells of a Col. Buford, at West Point, who struck the trunnions of a cannon so many thousand blows with a hammer that at last he broke them. Just so Grant broke the rebellion—Sherman conquered with his brains as truly as with his sword. He will never be a King Log. It is vitally important that his steps toward the Presidency should be vigilantly scrutinized. Long time a resident of the South, he has all the narrow prejudices and absurd opinions of that section. He hates New England for the ideas it represents. He has nothing but curses and contemptuous criticism for Massachusetts; not, of course, the geographical State, but the principles, ideas and purpose which that name stirs in the mind of every man who hears it. We fear he has learned little from the war. Bigotted, half-informed, intensely sectional the moment armed resistance ceases, he is just the man to serve the South in her effort to regain by intrigue what she lost by arms. If he is our next President, he will carry out to its fulfilment, on a national scale, that disgraceful and wholesale surrender to Johnston which only a Northern growl, that drowned even the thunder of Niagara, frightened him and his comrades from completing. After living for twenty years at the South in intimate relations with her leaders, after sweeping through her territory at the head of a victorious army and taking the latest survey of her mood and resources, he proposed to treat the war as a frolic and let both sections resume, substantially, the relations they held before the rebellion. Gen. Sherman is too shrewd and capable a man to allow of our explaining this on any ground of credulity or misapprehension. Such an offer could have come only from a mind incurably Southern in its bias and opinions. If the hot fires of such civil war could not burn this folly and wickedness out of him, he is past cure. His clear, logical common sense taught him what honor and fair play demanded. While he had no relish for the plan of allowing negroes to fight, and flung his influence against it, he confessed that—"to admit the negro to this struggle for any purpose was to give him a right to stay in it for all, and that when the fight is over, the hand that drops the musket cannot be denied the ballot;"—still, no man has since heard one word from him in support of that rule of justice and fair play. His narrow, sectional hate has smothered his logic. His old, bitter aristocracy of the skin still clings to him. There is an old proverb that "an Italianized Englishman is a devil incarnate." A Northern born slaveholder was always the worst tyrant. A Northern politician steeped in Southern hate is the most incurable of all bigots and most dangerous to trust with power. WENDELL PHILLIPS.

WE AGAIN remind our readers in this State that the question of holding a Convention for the revision of our State Constitution is to be decided at the polls on Tuesday next. There are various considerations which render such a Convention at this time very desirable. We urge that it be held in the interest of impartial suffrage, and for reasons which we have already given at length. The haters of the negro, and the corrupt political speculators of this city especially, will vote solidly in the negative We hope our friends in all parts of the State will do all in their power by voice and vote to secure the holding of the Convention.

MR. PHILLIPS'S lecture, delivered at the Cooper Institute, on Thursday evening of last week, will be found in full on our first page. The audience was large, though not crowded, and of the best quality. It is a significant fact that Mr. Phillips has never been as fully reported as on this occasion, in all the leading representative journals of the city. He does not need to go to Congress to be listened to by the nation. Though by cowardly politicians he is denounced as a fanatic, and as impracticable, his utterances are heeded, and profitably pondered by the more thoughtful and substantial minds of all parties. Untrammeled by party alliances, with clear moral insight, he is the leader of leaders. His lecture of last week is not less a timely warning than "The South Victorious," of a year ago.

ON our fourth page this week will be found an interesting account of an interview with BISMARK which we copy from the New York *Tribune*. It is from the pen of Mr. GEORGE W. SMALLEY, with whom, as a writer, the readers of THE STANDARD are familiar. The letter is in itself an excellent specimen of the *Tribune's* unrivalled foreign correspondence, and possesses special interest, both personal and political. Mr. Smalley, who went abroad a few months since as a special commissioner for the *Tribune*, has been remarkably successful in securing a foreign correspondence for that journal, which, whether we regard the ability of its correspondents or their social and other facilities for information, certainly leads American journalism in that department.

PERSONAL.

Parker Pillsbury who has been in this city during the past week, is about to address meetings in this State. He is expected to speak at Poughkeepsie on the 4th inst.

Charles C. Burleigh is lecturing in Michigan. He delivered a lecture at Sturgis, Mich., on Monday evening, October 22. His subject was "My Policy," and the "right policy."

Mrs. Deborah Saunders, of Gloucester, Massachusetts, was a century old on the 4th inst. She is in good health, reads the newspapers without the aid of glasses, and has knit stockings and worked for the soldiers of the Revolution, the war of 1812, and the rebellion.

Rev. Samuel J. May, during the recent National Unitarian Convention at Syracuse, presented and advocated a resolution recognizing the fitness of women for the ministry, and encouraging their education, with equal facilities, for that work. Action upon the resolution was deferred till the next National Convention.

Sarah P. Remond, from whom we present an interesting letter, in another column, is now in Italy for study. In a private note written from Florence, she says: "No words of mine can describe how anxious I am to know what the probable result of the present conflict in the United States will be. How discouraging it must be to our real friends. It is uncertain how long I shall remain in Florence. There is much here that would interest you. I am not here for pleasure, but for study. I had a very interesting interview with Gen. Garibaldi last week. He is a true friend of the colored race, and of liberty everywhere."

Abby Kelley Foster, who has been for several years past much of the time an invalid, has been of late, we regret to learn, in a much more critical state of health. She was recently visited professionally by our friend Dr. Hudson of this city, who thinks that she may yet be measurably restored. Her present prostrate physical condition is the unavoidable sequence of her extremely arduous anti-slavery labors in past years. In the days remembered by many of our readers when—as in Ohio—her out-of-door audiences numbered thousands, held by her remarkable power and eloquence, three and four consecutive hours, her meetings often attended with furious mobs, and her movements with great personal discomfort, her tasks were truly herculanean. She has given herself literally as a sacrifice for the slave's redemption. By the force of her example in an able and thoroughly comprehensive public discussion of absorbing political problems, she preceded and opened the pathway to equal enfranchisement for woman. When the victory shall have been won and at a sufficient distance from the conflict the history of the struggle for impartial freedom in this country is written, none will receive, as none will deserve, more grateful tribute than Abby Kelley Foster.

Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, October 29th, 1866.

OUR merchants are talking of a proposal made by the National Steamship Company to place eleven first-class vessels on a regular line between this port and Europe, on condition of a subscription of $1,000,000 here towards the enterprise. They are *talking* about it; but no action is yet reported.

The press is bestowing considerable speculation on a volume lately published (substantial, to the amount of 600 pages,) on the authorship of the plays called Shakspeare's. In this book Mr. Nathaniel Holmes of St. Louis has undertaken the defence of a theory set forth ten years ago by Miss Delia Bacon, and subsequently maintained by Mr. William Henry Smith, and the author of Harrington, and others—to the effect that the plays in question were written by Lord Bacon. The skill shown by Mr. Holmes in the presentation of argument and evidence upon this point receives universal praise. A few are moved by it to the extent of admitting that the strange-seeming assumption *may* prove to be well founded, but most scout it as utterly baseless.

It is worthy of notice, however, that the method pursued by Mr. Holmes to identify Lord Bacon with the author of "Shakspeare's Plays," is precisely the same with that employed by Mr. Adolphus, forty-four years ago, when the authorship of the Waverley novels was yet in question, to prove that they *must* have been written by the author of Marmion and those other poems which Scott was known to have written. This method was, first, to collate those parts of the anonymous works which afforded glimpses of the personal character, the habits, studies and occupations of their author, and to note how singularly these corresponded with those of the great romantic poet, as illustrated by his avowed publications; and then to point out, in the writings of these two, such resemblances in sentiment, language, incident, conception of character, and general dramatic arrangement, as might be thought satisfactorily to prove the presumed identity between them. After the publication of the ingenious "Critical Remarks" of Mr. Adolphus, the authorship of the Waverley novels was considered settled, though no avowal was made by Mr. Scott until 1827, five years after.

American travellers in Europe, when describing the famous old churches and cathedrals found there, are occasionally moved by the "dim, religious light," and the other impressive associations of those ancient structures, to express the wish that we, in this country, could have regular daily services in the churches, and have the churches always open, in aid of individual meditation and devotion, as they are in the old countries. As we have one Protestant church here in which a daily service of Matins and Vespers is held, I thought I would look in one afternoon of last week (not a rainy one) to see how many valued this service sufficiently to attend it. Fifteen persons besides the officiating priests were present. The look and sound of the performance were very mechanical, though I would not question the devoutness of those who took part in it. In the responsive part of the service, the respondents regularly overlapped each other, the people beginning before the priest had finished his sentence, and the priest proceeding before the people had finished theirs. Whether this is done for economy of time, as with the "hunting-masses" that we read of, where the service was greatly abridged, not too long to detain the royal and noble attendants on it from their morning's sport, or whether this is a closer imitation of the old mother church, or for what other reason it is practiced, I know not. Neither was it clear to me why the priest, at certain parts of the service, turned himself so as to face the marble bust of the first rector of that church, which occupied a conspicuous place in front of the congregation. The solemn bowing here used whenever the name of Jesus is spoken, has become customary, I believe, in many Episcopal churches; but I never saw any one but this in which the tablets on the wall before the people bore, not the ten commandments, but other passages from Scripture.

If I may be allowed in humble imitation of a distinguished personage, so swing round the circle to a point directly opposite to the one last mentioned, I will say a word of a sermon preached here yesterday by Rev. F. E. Abbot, in review of the Unitarian Conference recently held at Syracuse, New York. This gentleman, the framer and mover of that amendment the debate upon which formed the prominent distinctive feature of that meeting, bore his cordial testimony to the fine freedom of the debate, and the uniform kindness and courtesy of the officers. The action taken contained features of true liberality, as in the vote to admit female delegates, and also churches of other denominations, to take part in their proceedings. Their refusal of the proposed amendment of their constitution he considered a fault and a blunder, unjust at present, and tending to serious harm in the future. He believed, however, that many of those who voted with the majority did so on a misunderstanding—presuming the purport of the amendment to be a *denial* of the theological assumption now contained in the preamble, instead of a mere *avoidance* of theological assumption, to the end that differences of speculative opinion may have no chance to prevent people from uniting in Christian *work*. Believing that men and women on each side of the theoretical point in question are equally disposed to do the things that a Christian ought to do, he thought it unwise and unjust to set up that theory where it would operate as a partition to divide them; and he thought that the effort to remove such a partition would inevitably recur at every meeting of the Conference until that point shall be gained. NORTH.

Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 28th, 1866.

A FEW days ago a testimonial dinner was given at the Continental Hotel to W. Hepworth Dixon, of the London *Athenæum*, participated in by a select company. The memory of William Penn is revered by the good people of our city, and Mr. Dixon, in his book entitled "William Penn; an Historical Biography," having defended the character of that philosopher of peace against the defamatory criticisms of Macaulay, a recognition of that fact was designed to be embraced in this festive compliment. Mayor McMichael presided on the occasion, and among those present were George H. Boker, Bayard Taylor, Gen. Meade, and a number of our prominent citizens, representatives of the press, the bar, literature and business circles.

In the remarks that were made by various persons called upon to speak, chief stress and attention was given to the part Mr. Dixon had performed in his vindication of the character of Penn. He must have experienced conscious pride in the assurance thus given, of the high esteem in which he is held in the city founded by the illustrious subject of his Biography, whose virtues and integrity he has so happily defended.

Mayor McMichael, in referring to the historian's unkind attack, remarked that "Macaulay, with a pompous parade of novel authorities, and in carefully prepared phrases of the fiercest invective, preferred charges of meanness and perfidy against Wm. Penn, utterly at variance with the principles and conduct of that unselfish philanthropist and Christian gentleman. A great sect, famous for their probity and charity, were thus wounded through their beloved apostle—a great people, with whose annals his name must be linked forever, were thus outraged through their venerated founder. At first the audacity of the assault almost prevented resistance, and then succeeded dignified remonstrance and violent denunciation. Still the great maligner was unmoved. Though urged from various quarters to retract or modify his censures he remained obstinately silent. But it was not intended that he who had labored so zealously to promote peace on earth and good will towards men should himself be left to suffer; and the illustrious dead found a worthy champion. Mr. Dixon, whose studies of English history, and especially of the period embraced in the alleged transactions, had been close and profound, came gallantly to the rescue. Armed with indisputable proofs; wielding a pen as clear in its presentations, and, in this behalf, stronger in its demonstrations than that of his antagonist; cheered, moreover, by the God-speed of good men, he passed through the lists to complete and overwhelming victory. His trenchant weapon pierced through the slanderous rhetoric, and exposed the calumnies as they were, gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Lord Macaulay went to his grave unconfessing if not unrepentant of his sin; but the memory of Penn is now as free from stain or blemish as if his polluting fingers had never sought to defile it."

Mr. J. W. Wallace, representing the "Historical Society of Pennsylvania," read, in connection with his remarks, the following resolutions recently passed by that institution:

Resolved, That we cordially welcome the eminent author of the life of Wm. Penn to this city, where the subject of his work once lived, and to this State which he founded.

Resolved, That we cherish high respect and the warmest regard for one who has so faithfully delineated the character and merits of our great founder, and who has so triumphantly vindicated his memory from reproach.

Among those who spoke on this genial occasion were Judge Hare, Daniel Dougherty, Bayard Taylor, Dr. S. McKenzie and Dr. Austin Allibone.

In New York you have your Capt. Rynders; we have our Alderman Bill McMullen. The name of this creature is familiar to the ears of the old friends of freedom, those who have been associated here with the Anti-Slavery enterprise. Bill McMullin is one who was a leader, a prime-mover, of the mobs and disturbances that assailed the friends of the slave as they prosecuted their work of love and humanity. He is the fountain-head of many crimes and sins, bad actions black with guilt, and perhaps this culpable Alderman is the very worst man among all the inhabitants of this city. When you think of wicked men, whom you may suppose to be fairly saturated with sin, do not think that you have found a parallel to this satanic Alderman.

He is still an active bad man, and still in authority. The Fourth Ward of this city is responsible for him, and there he finds a kindred element strong enough to give him constant official existence. We abandon all hope of improvement in its morals and manners, and may feel thankful that no other Ward is sunk to so very low a depth of degradation and baseness.

Some time ago a detective named Mills of your city made a descent on a place which was the resort of thieves, prize-fighters and gamblers, capturing several, among whom was this Fourth Ward Alderman, who was locked up in the station-house, and kept there all night. Now, a year later, Capt. Mills finds himself in the power of McMullin, who had him seized on the street here, and put in the county prison, through a scandalous abuse of power. After much difficulty and annoyance Capt. Mills was released. Subsequently McMullin met him on Chestnut street, and shamefully abused him, for which he (McMullin) was arrested, but was set at liberty on bail. Mills was again confronted by his vicious foe at the Continental, and again abused. McMullin attempted to rearrest him through a subordinate official, but was unsuccessful. The Mayor was obliged to send a number of policeman to the Continental to preserve order. McMullin directed Capt. Mills to leave the city within twelve hours, intimating the peril of non-compliance, and behaving as though he was ruler here. Whether McMullin will escape the punishment due him for his outrageous conduct remains to be seen. The original friends of the Anti-Slavery movement, who remember him so well, though not desiring that any harm may befall him through revenge, would not grieve to find this ancient offender shorn of his power to accomplish further wrong.

A recent telegram to the *Herald* states that "attempts are being made to secure indictments against John W. Forney for inciting rict and insurrection." The Washington *Intelligencer* charges Mr. Forney with having "instigated the treasonable outcroppings at Baltimore," and says that "if a drop of blood is shed in resisting the strong arm of the law in Maryland, the doom of the malefactor impends over the head of one guilty of overt acts of treason before the fact." Mr. Forney is mildly threatened with arrest by this Washington oracle, but does not seem to be greatly disturbed by the prospect. The *Press* says,—"our fate is evidently sealed. Never having counterfeited money, got drunk in the Senate chamber, poisoned cities, starved prisoners, assassinated a white man, or murdered a score of blacks, we are removed from the pale of Presidential pardon, and must prepare for the worst."

Some of the Republican papers here, as elsewhere, manifest their repugnance towards Wendell Phillips, for what they are pleased to designate his "ill-advised speech" at the Cooper Institute. They show a particular tenderness towards Gen. Grant, and are very anxious to let the public know that when Mr. Phillips attacks Grant he does not speak for the Republican party. If he assumes thus to speak he is "an impostor," they say, and "transcends his powers." Paper that talk in this way are extremely sensitive concerning any possibility of a jarring in the next presidential prospect, and having a perpetual eye upon Grant, grow peevish and restless when his course is criticized by such men as Mr. Phillips. They don't wish the public to think for on moment that their party is responsible for anything said against Grant. "We have abiding faith in Gen. Grant," says one of these sensitive journals of this city, "an abiding faith which cannot be impaired by the attacks of all the Phillipses in the world." Such papers consult the interest of their party more than they cherish the true principles of justice, and would espouse the wrong if it led to political advantage, rather than befriend the right where detriment would follow. They are mere corks floating on the tide, and with the weapons of mediocrity flaunt their empty opinions as though they were luminaries. W.

LETTER FROM SARAH P. REMOND.

To the Editor of the Standard:

I LEFT London on the 10th of August, in company with some friends who intended to spend their Summer holiday in Switzerland. We did not travel very fast, for some of the party were not in the best health, and we lingered at Boulogne, Paris, Fontainebleau, Dôle, Newchatel, and then on to Lucerne, where rooms had been engaged for all the party. This was most fortunate, as it was the height of the season, and many pleasure-seekers were thronging the beautiful town to gaze upon its beauty. It was a most glorious day when we arrived there. An almost cloudless sky, the mountains in full view, the Rigi and Pilatus most distinctly to be seen, and also the snow-crowned mountains of the more distant range—the Oberland—were clearly visible. A more lovely scene can hardly be imagined. My destination was Florence, the new capital of Italy. On the 21st of August I left my friends and sailed on the beautiful lake of Lucerne to Alvelen, and early the next morning I secured my place in the coupé of the Diligence to travel over the St. Gothhard into Italy. All day and all night without rest we travel on to Carmalata in the same Diligence. When we left Fluelen it rained a little, and for a little time the sky was overcast with thin clouds, but long before we reached the finest scenery, all that one ever dreamed or imagined of the sunny, cloudless skies of Italy burst upon my vision. On, on we went, until the Diligence reached the very top of the ascent, through almost one continuous route of wonderful beauty, and then only those who have seen this glorious mountain scenery with a cloudless sky can realize this glorious gate into Italy—this land, the brightest and the fairest I have ever looked upon. We now changed our five horses for two very strongly harnessed, and then commenced the descent. A series of wonderful curves, down, down, round, round, again and again, until the descent is accomplished. If the descent is not more beautiful, it is more wild, more sublime. It must be seen to be fully appreciated. We passed many vineyards, the vines laden with fruit which looked *any thing* but sour. We passed *en route* through many quaint looking towns, foreign enough—more so than any I have ever seen. Lugano looked sombre in the moonlight, and Como looked lovely with its charming lake, which Bulwer has so beautifully described. It looked so fresh and so fair in that bright sunshine, that it was quite dazzling. At Como I saw several Garibaldians in their bright red shirts and caps—a most becoming dress for an Italian. They are a very handsome race. At Carmalata we have only a little time, and then I am off to Milan, by rail—remain there one night, and the next morning early I am off for Florence. After a long day's journey in the full moonlight of a Summer night, I arrive at "Frienze La Bella." With some interest I look around to see all that I can, and to receive my first impressions of Florence. I am soon on my way to a hotel which had been highly recommended to me, and very soon I am in a most comfortable room, looking out upon the Armo, and where I could step out upon the piazza. The air is so soft, so warm, so delicious—just such a night as one had always imagined an Italian Summer night would be, and the full moon shining down upon the Armo.

But I did not take up pen to write to you of Florence, but of a sadder topic. Of the history which is now being made history, so full of meaning to mankind in general and to the African race and its descendants in particular. The difficulties of reconstruction seem immense, owing to the hatred of race and the reaction which is now the ruling element in the States among the opponents of the emancipation policy. The difficulties are, perhaps, even greater than many anticipated; when we realize what deep root slavery had taken, and that the work of re-education must be a slow one. I do hope that the present struggle will settle the question upon the only sure basis. A most glorious opportunity has been lost, sacrificed to hatred of race and injustice. This reaction may be temporary, but we know our enemy, and we must be prepared for the worst. What a record could the victims of this terrible hatred present against the dominant race. It never will be written. It never can be written. Englishmen have their record too, but it must be left in some measure distinct. If, in the present reaction in the States, the victims belonged to any race less hated and less persecuted, there would have been a cry of shame from public opinion, and the Southerners and their Northern friends would not have dared to insult the men, who, two hundred thousand strong, came to the rescue of the nation in its hour of extreme peril. If no sense of shame could influence our enemies in taking their present course, what a comm

THE PROSPECT.

BY REV. JOHN SAVARY.

Public speakers sometimes use the phrase "to Mexicanize the country." They hardly know what they speak, but as grandam nurses do, use an image, or a phrase to frighten children with. But to-day the phrase has some significance, and there is a chance possibility of its coming to pass. What ails Mexico? The weakness of her government was the spoil of domestic factions long before it fell a prey to the foreign usurper. If the conduct of France—Napoleon III. is France—were not so utterly selfish, hypocritical, mean, she might be pardoned for attempting to rear a "strong government" on the ruins of the empire of the Montezumas. But France neither will, nor ought she to succeed in this enterprise. What then? Our government is too weak to rule well this country; to annex Mexico would be adding weakness to weakness, and not strength to strength. Republics should prop one another. But republics quarreling among themselves, are not more an edifying spectacle than kingdoms and monarchies contending for "the balance of power."

Party feeling, the bane of republics, never ran higher than at the present time. When political organizations give battle in the streets of the second city of the Union, how long will the government stand which is a party to such proceedings? There was a time in Mexico, when, after every important battle between our forces and theirs, the Mexicans had another battle between themselves. Internal foes are of all others the worst, and "a house divided against itself will not stand." So keen is party hate and rivalry, that party men who call themselves patriots are willing to see the country ruined, the government wrecked, before they will lose hold of power, or let slip an advantage for their opponents to gain it. The trial of our institutions is coming on—let no one believe it past. The Administration is Democratic, and Democrats, as we have seen, will fight for it against a Republican majority in both Houses. In the event of war, where will the army and navy be? Will Gen. Grant, who thought it his duty to obey his Commander-in-chief who ordered him on a tour for electioneering purposes, obey *then*, when he shall be ordered to resist, perhaps, the judicial process of Congress instituting proceedings against the Commander-in-chief? Democratic journals are confident that he will. Democratic speakers, at the bare hint of an impeachment of the President, fire up and tell their auditors "if you have nature in you, bear it not!" So the government is divided against itself, and we know not on which side—that of treason or loyalty—the sword of our great captain will yet be cast. Gen. Grant professes to be no politician, but he may be obliged to defend the political opinions of one side or the other. The country, we think, has a right to know on which side he is—and whether he is willing to be the tool of treason, since "rebellion vaulted into the seat of government." Office-holders, from the highest to the lowest, must wear the stripe of "my policy," or be "kicked out." No honest Republican can hold office under government, who would not soil himself with a bribe, or be washed with the filth of Executive patronage which is thrown into the gutter of treason and disloyalty. Meanwhile the President is under oath to execute the laws *that are now made*, and how will he execute them? Very much we fear like that Mexican alcode, or village justice who joined a robber troupe, was captured and brought back, set at liberty, and left a justice of the peace still to try his companions for robbery! Admiral Semmes, who refuses to resign office, is able, no doubt, to administer justice, and to command another "Alabama" to the satisfaction of the government. Alexander H. Stephens says he has not changed his opinion, that he holds more firmly than ever the dogma of State sovereignty, and he will, questionless, urge it with his accustomed eloquence, on resuming his seat in Congress.

The beautiful consistency of the government is shown in coddling traitors, and cursing Union men, in shooting negroes South, and threatening to hang their most distinguished advocates in the North, Let these things not be forgotten when the North in Congress comes to settle scores with Andrew Johnson. Let it mark with crosses the graves of those Union men murdered by the friends and supporters of "my policy," who ought in truth to inscribe the initials A. J. on every such cross, over every such murdered man. In Mexico these murders are common, but hardly more common than in Texas, and if any one were to inquire the reason, the same answer would be given, viz: that the government has no power to punish or prevent them. That would be interfering with State rights! that would be cutting down State sovereignty so as to protect men in their lives and liberties. But that is just what our government dare not do. It is restrained, forsooth, by the Constitution. Like a bull-dog, it may go the length of its chain, but its chain does not reach to its true loyal subjects and citizens in Texas. They may be murdered with impunity, while the great United States stands and looks on, and will not lift a finger in their defence who risked everything, body, life and goods, for *its* salvation. Shame on such a government! It is a standing insult to God and humanity. The dignity of a free citizen of the United States should be a passport and a protection anywhere within the Union. But those kidnapping States which steal away the rights of freemen and citizens of the United States should be punished with political death, if they are not dead already by the act of rebellion. What, then, and where is the government? It has no citizens but such as the State allows, and its citizens no rights but such as the State is pleased to give. If a State can permanently disfranchise and deny political rights to any portion of its citizens, it can equally deny the means of education, or it can sell its inhabitants into slavery for debt, or for any nominal trivial offence against its laws. It can institute the hated system of peonage, as near to slavery as a twin cherry is like its brother. A writer of travels in Mexico gives the following description of their system of peonage: "By a law of Mexico, slaves cannot exist there, for the moment they touch Mexican soil, that moment they become free. But they have a system of slavery nearly as bad as that of the United States (before the war). If a man is so unfortunate as to become involved in debt, however small it may be, and cannot pay it, he is obliged to serve the creditor until the sum is paid. By the adroit management of the latter, and the careless stupidity of the former, this is seldom done. When the interest is calculated, and the expenses of his living, clothing, etc., are added, it may readily be seen his slavery must often become hopeless, although it comes under another name. Nor does it end at his death; *for the children are bound by the father's debt, in addition to those they may accumulate for their own support, before they can earn it. They cannot be bought and sold, but their debts may be bought which is tantamount to buying the body.* The only feature in which this is distinct from slavery is this; families cannot be separated. If a peon is transferred to another person, his family goes with him."

The division of society into two classes, the rich and the poor, and the condition of the poor of the South, should the Constitutional Amendment become a law, is well foreshadowed in the following extract:

"It is utterly impossible for any one who has not seen it to imagine the difference that exists between the rich and the poor in this wretched country. The rich who rule everything, even the minds of the poor, are generally more debased, morally; and they are, consequently, cruel masters. They have the power to punish to almost any extent, even death, and are served with the most abject deference by their peons or slaves. As slavery is not recognized, the word servants, perhaps, would be more proper. But, in effect, they are in a state worse than slavary. They are mostly bound to their masters for some debt, which the latter take care shall never be paid. They appear to have neither mind nor hope above their present condition, and will continue to work on from day to day, and from year to year, without more than enough to keep soul and body together. When addressing their masters, they take off their hats, and speak in a hesitating, trembling manner, as though they were in the presence of a Superior Being. There is nothing they will not do for money, even to the selling of their wives and daughters for a time. Instances of this kind are not rare, and have been related to me by indisputable authority."

Was ever an argument like this used for "cutting up the large estates" of slaveholders, and parcelling them out among the slaves? Andrew Johnson proposed that once, and Thaddeus Stevens is called "vindictive," because he proposes it still. No other government ever ended a great rebellion before without confiscating the estates of principal rebels, and placing that mighty power, the landed interest, on its side. Land and ballot to the negro—this was simple justice, and the government knew it. These were the two points which the government made in war and had a right to insist on, for its own security and the peace of the country. And Wendell Phillips was not a bit too severe, he was only telling the exact truth, when he said that Congress surrendered these points in advance! Surrendered before it was asked—waved the white flag, and showed the white feather, in presence of the conquered enemies of the Republic! The war meant universal suffrage, or it meant nothing. But Congress voluntarily gave up that weapon, the ballot, allowed itself to be knocked down with the butt end of the Constitutional Amendment! Do not blame the President. He is doing *his* work—but are members of Congress doing *theirs*? Oh, Mr. Phillips, I can hardly pardon you for not going to Congress when you had the chance and letting the House hear the ring of the true metal amid so many base counterfeits of justice and of equal rights. Where should the truth be told, if not in a congregation of lies? Where should a banner be lifted, if not at the seat of government? Where should a scoundrel traitor be denounced but to his face? And if responsibility without power is not good, how much better is power without responsibihty? You know, Mr. Phillips, that the foundations of this government cannot rest, as at present, upon a great falsehood, they must rest on a great truth. All men are created equal. The government denies it—gives the lie to the declaration. And the greater the lie, the greater necessity of courage and of truth to meet it. An Englishman well said that the fact of Gov. Eyre being endorsed by Carlyle, and feted by the nobility, was a double reason for his being prosecuted in a court of common law. Andrew Johnson is a lie backed by the government, and carrying the army and the navy in his right, and in his left hand to enforce it. Shame on Congress, if this fact alone does not lead to his impeachment.

OLD JOHN BROWN.

To the Editor of the Standard:

The day upon which Capt. John Brown was executed, I was in Central New York. It was one of the darkest and gloomiest of the season. It had rained heavily the evening before, and frozen towards morning, and the icy sleet lay over the surrounding landscape. There was not a ray of sunshine, and the clouds were black and foreshadowing. I was alone and among strangers—and at the fatal hour penned the following lines, which, when I had completed, seemed to me so tame, for such an occasion, that I folded them away as unworthy the day and hour. But they were the highest my pained heart could give, when the friend of the bondman, was yielding his life in the cause of human rights—in the cause of God. I send the old copy just as I wrote a few days after for Garrison's *Liberator*, now no more. I have waited in hope, nothing doubting from the beginning, that the days of triumph would come.

F. D. Gage.

There is darkness on the mountain,
In the vale no sunbeams fall,
Icy filters chain the fountain,
And a black sky shadows all.

Not a ray of brightness falleth
On the landscape far or near
Earth is shrouded for a death scene
And the clouds drop mournful tears.

Oh! the muffled drums are beating,
And the soldier's heart stands still,
And the village bell repeating
Its sad tale from hill to hill.

There is mourning in the temple,
Tears and groans in cot and hill;
There is grief and bitter anguish,
And a black sky over all.

For Virginia on the gallows
Hangs the bravest man and strong
That has ever dared do battle
For the right against the wrong.

Aye, she hangs upon her gallows
With a vengeance—fierce as hell;
Old John Brown's the bondsmen champion,
And the nation says "tis well."

But the veil is being riven
From the people's hearts to-day;
List! I hear the rolling thunder
That shall echo on for aye.

You may hang his scarred, worn body,
Old Virginia; if you will,
But the scarred worn body only
Will the grave and coffin fill.

But the spirit of the martyr
By your hangman's rope will be
Shouting loud to all the nations,
"Set your suffering bondman free."

And that *cotton rope*, proud tyrants,
Shall be stronger than your steel,
And each fibre break some fetter
From the chattel's bleeding heel.

Then let darkness clothe the mountain
Jet black clouds go sweeping by
Let the ice chains hold the fountain
There is sunshine in the sky.

And each State within this Union
When you nail his coffin down
Shall feel the resurrection
Of the glorious old John Brown.

SPIRITUALISTS AND NATIONAL AFFAIRS.

LETTER FROM HENRY C. WRIGHT.

Houlton, Aroostook Co., Maine,
October 19, 1866.

To the Editor of the Standard:

My Dear Friend: I have recently attended several Conventions of Spiritualists, one a *National* Convention in Providence, R. I., numerously attended from most of the free, loyal States; one a State Convention in Montpelier, Vt.; and others on a smaller scale. At the National Convention the following resolution was introduced, and, after a full and earnest discussion, adopted unanimously.

Resolved, That as Spiritualists, we accept it as a "self-evident truth, that all men are created equal," and that, in regard to *suffrage*, and all other rights, we recognize the equality of all, before God and the law, without regard to sex or color."

Another resolution was presented, discussed, long and earnestly, and adopted with but two dissenting voices.

Resolved, That since it is the central idea of our American civilization, that "all men are created equal" and that "taxation without representation is tyranny," justice, honor, liberty and the Constitution itself demand the *extension of the elective franchise to our colored American citizens.*

The leading and most influential of the men and women in the Convention and among the Spiritualists of the country, went strongly for this resolution. Among them, Leo Miller, S. J. Finney, T. B. Peebles, A. T. Foss, H. T. Child, Lizzie Doton, M. A. Townsend, Ezra Sprague, Y. M. Allyn. It was the decided feeling of the Convention that the Constitution *demanded* the extension of suffrage to *colored American Citizens*, and that the African was a citizen, the same as the Saxon, made such by the *preamble* of the Constitution. The discussion was free and full, and resulted in the adoption of the resolution as above stated.

Though the first resolution embraced *women* as well as *negroes*, the *discussion* related almost solely to the full and equal enfranchisement of the latter—inasmuch as negro suffrage is the *one question of the hour*, on which the destiny of the Republic now turns.

The same, in substance, was adopted at the Vermont State Convention—by a rising vote in a large and crowded assembly, with but *one* negative. I have attended many Conventions and gatherings of Spiritualists during the past two years; at every one of them, resolutions of the same import were adopted with great unanimity and enthusiasm. The Spiritualists have held three *National* Conventions; one in Chicago, one in Philadelphia, and one in Providence; and in them all, similar resolutions in regard to *impartial suffrage and equal rights* were adopted. They have formed a National Organization, and *Impartial Suffrage and Equal Rights* before God and the law, without regard to *sex* or *color*, underlie its existence as a national body.

There are computed to be over *one hundred thousand* voters in the nation who call themselves Spiritualists and are classed with them in their religious views. These are determined to carry their Spiritualism wherever they go, *especially* in their relations to the government. They will stand at the ballot-box, as the vigilant, unyielding, *uncompromising* supporters of *impartial suffrage and equal rights before God and the law.* They will assuredly constitute a *political power* that will be felt at the next *Presidential election.* They will hold the balance of power between the two great national parties, and will assuredly turn the scale in favor of that party which goes most fully and *sincerely* for that principle of *equal rights and impartial suffrage*, that underlies our national existence as a *Republic, and* "our American civilization."

I am extensively acquainted with the lecturers and advocates of Spiritualism and with their two great organs, the *Banner of Light* in Boston, and the *Religio Philosophical Journal* of Chicago, and in their lectures and speeches, in public and private, and in their editorial columns, they universally go for the negro in the great issue now before the nation, and which is so replete with its destiny.

Henry C. Wright.

P. S. I am now in the heart—the county town—of Aroostook County, Me.; on the *Medunakeag* river, close on the borders of New Brunswick, and over one hundred miles back from the coast. This county—larger than the whole State of Massachusetts—has ever been a stronghold of Maine Democracy; but the people are open to conviction. Light is spreading among them. They are daily becoming more thoroughly imbued with the spirit and principles of the Declaration of Independence, of American civilization, and of the Christian religion, as taught and lived by the Martyr of Calvary; *i.e.* the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man as these are expressed by Impartial Suffrage and Equal Rights before God and the Law. At the election recently held in this State—not only the State but also Aroostook County gave a decided majority in favor of impartial suffrage and against that meanest and most iniquitous and ruinous policy which would exclude a man from the ballot because of his complexion.

Aroostook and Washington counties—embracing all the Eastern portion of Maine—with their beautiful rivers, lakes, bays and harbors, constitute a grand and beautiful portion of the *Pine-tree* State. Its unrivaled capabilities for *lumber* and *potatoes* and *oats*, and *live* stock will soon become available to the markets, by railroads; and these two counties will present attractions to all lovers of the beautiful and romantic. And here Liberty, Equality and Fraternity will find their homes in the hearts of as true, intelligent, noble and truly patriotic men and women as exist in this or any other nation.

Before me is the Aristook *Times*, one of the only *two* papers in the county. In it is a fine editorial on the recent elections in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Iowa, giving such majorities against the return of the red-handed malignant traitors, South and North, into power. Impartial Suffrage without regard to color. Put forth this issue; urge it till the last vestige of that mean and murderous spirit of Negrophobia shall be extirpated from the National and State governments.

H. C. W.

OBITUARY.

In Edenton North Carolina, on the evening of Sunday, July 22d, very suddenly, of congestive chills, Mrs. Frances R. French, aged 43, wife of Hon. John R. French, of Linwood, Ohio, U. S. Tax Commissioner for North Carolina. Mrs. F. was a daughter of the late N. P. Rogers, of New Hampshire,—a man of brilliant intellect, large soul, and a loving regard for the Right and true morals and ethics and all the beautiful in nature and art. Such a man quite naturally gave an attentive ear to the anti-slavery advocate, and so in '33, but two years after Garrison started his *Liberator*, enlisted heartily in that grand movement, and a few years later abandoned a lucrative practice in his profession, the law, and until his death gave his entire time to the anti-slavery cause in most earnest and liberal labors as editor and speaker. He at once became a leading spirit in that band of "early Abolitionists"—hated and maligned, but a company of as noble and disinterested men and women as ever banded in the interests of Humanity; few in numbers indeed in those days, but distinguished for their moral worth and intellectual and social culture, and irresistibly strong in the goodness of their cause.

In view of these last five years, who does not say, God be thanked for the "Early Abolitionists!" And for that loyalty to convictions of duty which made them hold on to their great purpose until the day of its full accomplishment.

Mr. Rogers's pleasant and cultivated home became a favorite resort of these kindred spirits in those days of trial and bitter opposition. Frances was the eldest of five daughters, who added so much to the light and joy of that home, and inheriting in a marked degree the leading traits of her father's beautiful character, these associations of her girlhood developed those native traits into great nobleness of soul, and the most self-sacrificing devotion to duty and to friends. With much beauty of person, as she grew into womanhood were wedded these graces of the spirit, and in truth it might be said that in her intellectual face shone all sweet charities.

The last Autumn she left her pleasant home near Cincinnati, to join her husband in North Carolina, where official duties had called him for the last two years, but where, outside her own doors, she found no sympathy, or recognition even, save with the few outraged and abused Union people, and the greatly wronged and oppressed negroes—whose acknowledged and hearty friend she at once became. To be pointed out as their friend, brought no blush to her cheek. Her open ear and earnest voice and efficient hand were ever at their service. And that sad night when her brave and pure spirit left the beautiful body which had served it so well through these years of cheerful toil, it was touchingly beautiful to see how the poor blacks came about the house and yard to mingle their sincere tears, and tell one another and the "Blessed Lord" how good she had been to them. It might indeed be said with truth that her soul went up to Heaven wafted on the blessings of the poor.

And in our blindness we call this "Death;" but it is not death, it is Life Eternal. Death can have nothing to do with spirits such as hers. There is a change indeed, but it is only the rending of the veil which shuts in mortal vision—but casting off the clogs of mortality, and finding worthier fellowship, more celestial helpers and broader opportunities, continuing to do good with redoubled powers and a clearer faith—and so faster growth in the Grace of God.

Mrs. French leaves two sons to bear with their father and a wide circle of loving friends this sudden grief. The body was brought back to Cincinnati, and now rests in the quiet shades of "Spring Grove." The funeral services were by Rev. Dr. Storrs.—*Cin. Gazette.*

Died, in Beaufort, S. C., August 26th, Lewis Thompson, aged 59 years.

Brother Thompson was the greater part of his life a citizen of Philadelphia, but at the time of his death he was editor and proprietor of the *New South.* After sixteen years of intense suffering, borne with great patience and meekness, his purified spirit has passed in to the heavens to behold the face of his Divine Saviour. Lewis Thompson was a Christian gentleman; honest, just, truthful; with a heart so full of love that malice and hatred could find no place in it. He was the unflinching friend of the fatherless, the widow, the orphan and the slave. Scores of fugitive slaves found a shelter under his roof in the days of darkness and oppression. Anti-slavery men and women of the old school in the days that tried principles remember with gratitude the pleasant hours spent around his fireside. Never more on earth shall we behold that intellectual head and those loving eyes. The good live forever.

J. D. Long.

Phila., Oct. 22, 1866.

Died, at his residence in Bart Township, Lancaster county, Pa., Joseph Hood, aged 53 years, 9 months, and 22 days. He leaves a widow and four children to mourn his loss, besides numerous and sympathizing friends.

Another Anti-Slavery man has fallen. The writer of this notice has been intimately acquainted with the deceased for more than a quarter of a century, and has never known him to falter in the cause of universal freedom. He was one of the earliest and most untiring of the Abolitionists in the vicinity, and in the circle in which he moved was indeed a true friend to the downtrodden and perishing slave. Endowed with more than ordinary mental ability, he was eminently calculated to exert a salutary influence for good in his neighborhood, and it may be truly said that the cause of universal freedom has lost an important and valued friend.

B. Kent.

LITERARY.

In the "Life and Correspondence of Richard Whately, D.D., late Archbishop of Dublin," by his daughter, E. Jane Whately, just published, is found the following expression of faith in free growth as a principle of education. Writing of a daughter to the Bishop of Llandaff, he says:

"Your goddaughter threatens to outgrow her strength. She requires constant care to support her under such a prodigious shoot. She is very forward in understanding, but not alarmingly so. My plans of education fully answer my expectations: she has never yet learned anything as a task, and that, considering she has learned more than most, will make tasks far lighter when they do come; and she has never yet learned anything by rote, and I trust never will, till she turns Papist."

On this idea the biographer remarks:

"The allusion to his children's education is very characteristic. He greatly objected to teaching children to learn by rote what they did not understand. He used to say that to teach thus mechanically, in the hope that the children would afterwards find out the meaning of what they had learned, was to make them swallow their food first, and chew it afterwards."

"When Mrs. Whately and I first married (he observed, many years later), one of the first things we agreed upon was, that should Providence send us children, we would never teach them anything they did not understand. Not even their prayers, my lord? asked the person addressed. No, not even their prayers, he replied. To the custom of teaching children of tender age to repeat prayers by rote, without attending to their sense, he objected even more strongly than to any other kind of mechanical teaching; as he considered it inculcated the idea that a person is praying when merely repeating a form of words in which the mind and feelings have no part, which is destructive of the very essence of devotion."

Dr. Arnold, some time later, wrote thus in defence of his friend the Archbishop:

"Now, I am sure that, in point of real essential holiness, as far as man can judge, there does not live a truer Christian than Whately; and it does grieve me most deeply to hear people speak of him as a dangerous and latitudinarian character, because in him the intellectual part of his nature keeps pace with the spiritual."

On "The Higher Education of Women," by Emily Davies, just published in London, the *Westminster Review* writes as follows:

"The subject of Miss Davies's little volume, on the higher Education of Women, is to some a stumbling-block, and to others foolishness; but those who are neither as prejudiced as Jews nor as supersensuous as Greeks know that no change could be greater or more desirable than that which would be brought about by the measures she advocates. There is so much temperence, good sense and originality in her treatment of the question, that it would be a most regrettable thing if she failed to ensure a wide circle of readers. Many things are more forcibly said by her, out of the fulness of a perfect personal knowledge, on the weary and vacant hours to which young girls are so often condemned after their education has been what is called "finished," at eighteen. Some of her suggestions for increasing the sphere of female employment are as ingenious in their defence as original in themselves. Since most of our larger textile industries have been taken out of the hands of women, employment which of old filled much of their time, why should they not now be allowed a greater share of the superintendence of that which was at one time their peculiar work? It would be difficult to give an adequate reason, or to deny, that if educated women were allowed to undertake the charge of girls in factories, that both girls and women would be better for such change. The chapter in which she answers the objections which have been raised against the probable effects of giving professional education to women, of course involves a reference to the supposed unfitness for domestic life which it is assumed would be one of the consequences of such education. She contents herself with what is probably a very fair answer, viz.: that any woman with medical or other special knowledge, would, in all likelihood, marry a medical man, or whoever else had a sympathy with her peculiar accomplishments. This is as good an answer as is deserved by the usual tone in which such objections are generally urged. Such objections do but cover a deeper feeling, and are too often made use of to obviate a more serious discussion of the certain consequences of education, and material independence in woman. The ultimate result of so great a change as this would be a complete revolution of the marital relations. No man would then venture, and no woman would consent, to marry with a fractional part only of themselves. Nothing but a real and genuine personal sympathy would then be admitted as a ground for the most important of human contracts. So long as women have no other career, they cannot choose, but are naturally ready to take their opportunities by the forelock, lest another should not offer. And while men look to marry in this way, and are content with unions that are recommended by merely external considerations of property or position—and while ineradicable social prejudices prevent their ever having much chance of arriving at a deeper and better judgment of those they take as wives, it is no wonder that they, when young, so often prefer connections which, lower and baser in every other respect, are at least founded on some sort of direct personal liking, or even that they hope to find a refuge from unions incomplete in one sense, by forming others which have no recommendation but a passionate desire for that intimate sympathy which they too late find so absolutely necessary to their lives. Thus one error balances itself by another, and a quiet and rational life, that shall be at the same time a full and joyful one, becomes a rare and isolated case. This is as much a man's question as a woman's, and is only shirked because its solution calls for as much reformation in masculine conduct as in female education."

Hurd and Houghton are about to publish a volume entitled "The Good Old Time; or, Our Fresh and Salt Tutors: by Vieux Moustache," a story for boys.

The Harpers have in press a volume of Miscellanies by Rev. Dr. Osgood, of this city, entitled, "Leaves from our American Life; Family Notes for Friends and Neighbors."

Richardson & Co., of this city, will publish on the first of November, Mr. W. Gilmore Simms's collection of "War Poetry of the South."

The Boston *Transcript* announces that the title of Mrs. Howe's new magazine is said to be "Genial Words."

The *Phrenological Journal* for November contains sketches of the King and Queen of the Belgians, with likenesses; Chief Men among the Mormons, with many excellent portraits and other illustrations; besides Lyceum Lecturers; Dr. J. Fossati, the celebrated French Phrenologist; Public Opinion; Women who Talk; Family Dog; and a host of other reading, suggestive and profitable to all.

Correction.—In the article on the National Unitarian Convention, printed last week from the pen of C. D. B. Mills, for "forwardness" read frowardness, and in the latter part of the article for "mold" read mould, etc.

CARD.

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EQUAL RIGHTS CONVENTION FOR THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

In view of the proposed Convention for a revision of the State Constitution, the American Equal Rights Association will hold a Convention in Tweddle Hall, Albany, on Tuesday and Wednesday, 20th and 21st inst., to consider the question of so amending the Constitution as to secure the right of suffrage to all citizens, without distinction of race or sex.

The spirit of the age impels an onward step. The people, everywhere,—in the Old World and the New—roused from the lethargy of ages, are demanding an extension of rights. The reconstruction of this Union is a broader, deeper work than the restoration of the rebel States. It is the lifting of the entire nation into the practical realization of our Republican Idea.

Let, then, the lovers of freedom from every quarter of the State come up to this Convention at Albany, and add their voice and their influence on the side of justice, to make New York a genuine republic;—a power in the nation, and a light to the world.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Frederick Douglass, Hon. A. J. Colvin, Parker Pillsbury, Lucy Stone, Henry B. Blackwell, Charles Lenox Remond, Frances E. W. Harper, and other advocates of Equal Rights will be present and participate in the discussions of the Convention.

On behalf of the American Equal Rights Association,

Lucretia Mott, Pres't.

Susan B. Anthony, Sec'y.

N. B. Friends who cannot be present may aid the good work by chegring letters and liberal contributions addressed to the Secretary, care of Lydia Mott, Albany, New York.

The office of The Standard is at No. 39 Nassau street, Room 43. Office hours—9 a. m. to 3 p. m. Editors office hours—10 a. m. to 1 p. m.

Letters for Susan B. Anthony should be addressed hereafter to 464 West 34th st., New York.

Advertisements.

REMOVAL NOTICE.

The office of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society has been removed from No. 5 South Fifth street, to the old stand, No. 107 North Fifth street, where it was formerly located for upwards of twenty years. Specimen numbers of the Anti-Slavery Standard furnished and new subscriptions received as above.

BENJAMIN C. BACON, Corresponding Secretary.

A SUPERIOR NUMBER.—THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for November contains sketches of the King and Queen of the Belgians, with likenesses; Chief Men among the Mormons, with many excellent portraits and other illustrations; besides Lyceum Lecturers; Dr. J. Fossati, the celebrated French Phrenologist; Public Opinion; Women who Talk; Family Dog; and a host of other reading, suggestive and profitable to all. Price 20 cents, or $2 a year. Address Fowler and Wells, 389 Broadway, New York. 26 29.

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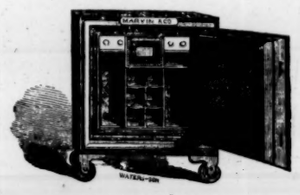

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P. S.—Those residing out of New York and in the adjoining States, by sending their address and stating Regiment and Company to which belonged, will receive information by mail valuable to them.

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Miscellaneous Department.

TWO LITTLE PAIRS OF BOOTS.

Two little pairs of boots, to-night,
Before the fire are drying,
Two little pairs of tired feet
In a trundle bed are lying;
The tracks they left upon the floor
Make me feel much like sighing.

Those little boots with copper toes!
They ran the livelong day!
And oftentimes I almost wish
That they were miles away!
So tired I am to hear so oft
Their heavy tramp at play.

They walk about the new ploughed ground,
Where mud in plenty lies,
They roll it up in marbles round,
Then bake it into pies;
And then at night upon the floor
In every shape it dries.

To-day, I was disposed to scold:
But when I look to-night,
At those little boots before the fire,
With copper toes so bright,
I think how sad my heart would be,
To put them out of sight.

For in a trunk, up stairs, I've laid
Two socks of white and blue;
If called to put those boots away,
O God, what should I do?
I mourn that there are not to-night,
Three pairs instead of two.

I mourn because I thought how nice
My neighbor, "cross the way,"
Could keep her carpets, all the year,
From getting worn or gray;
Yet well I know she'd smile to own
Some little boots to-day!

We, mothers, weary get and worn,
Over our load of care;
But how we speak of those little ones,
Let each of us beware;
For what would our fire-sides be to-night,
If no little boots were there.

MRS. S. S. PERRY.

AN AFTERNOON WITH COUNT BISMARK.

BY GEORGE W. SMALLEY.

BERLIN, Sept. 13, 1866.

I AM tempted to write you a letter about a man who is both well and ill known in America—I mean Count Bismark. It has happened that I have seen him three times, and once, at least, in a way in which I suppose few other Americans have seen him. There is much that I should like to tell about him that would be of interest to all readers, and which yet, for conscience sake, I must forbear to say. To put private matters into print is an offence which I do not mean to commit for any temptation. If I do, on some points, speak freely of Count Bismark, and repeat some things that I heard from his lips, it is because Count Bismark is a historical character, is in public life, and the public curiosity about him may properly be to some extent gratified. If I wanted a precedent for doing this, I might find it in Emerson's "English Traits," with his sketches of Landor, Carlyle, Wordsworth, and the rest. If Mr. Emerson could put them into a book which will last forever, I may surely take an equal liberty in a newspaper letter, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven.

Anybody may see Bismark who will go to the Chamber of Deputies here on a day when a matter of importance is debated. The Crown Ministers of the King sit behind a long raised desk facing the President, and Bismark is at the right. The benches are partly upholstered with scarlet throughout the room, the light is dim, and the diplomatic gallery from which I looked down is at the side of the hall, so that it is not easy to scan closely this famous face. You can see, however, that the portraits of him are bad, and then, hoping for a better view at another time, may betake yourself to noticing what goes on in the Parliament. Here are 300, more or less, of the men whom Prussia has thought fittest to represent her in a critical period of her history. Elderly men and middle-aged are most numerous. The President, Herr Von Forckenbeck, who enjoyed the distinction of having his name spelt in three ways, and all wrong, in one paragraph of the Paris papers that announced his election, is one of the youngest in the Assembly in looks, and likewise one of the strongest, with his forehead built out over his eyes and going up high and square. What proportion of scholars, who are such professedly, there may be here, I do not know, but the body has a general air of culture, thoughtfulness and good sense.

The debate is not so interesting to me as it would be if I knew German, but a diplomatic friend at my side gives me the drift of it, and there is a language neither English nor German, written on the faces of men, which, if you choose to study it, will tell you much. There were two good speeches, both from Liberals, and both on the side of the Ministry. The two Liberals, who are such in every good sense of the word, were Simson and Dr. Loewe, of whom the latter is a physician of large practice and high repute, who in 1848 was President of the German Parliament at Frankfort. This House is something like ours in its inattention to a speaker of no weight, and one or two men who have already spoken cannot get its ear at all, although each speaker makes a set business of hi harangue by going up into a tribune and reading from a manuscript. Dr. Loewe speaks in a compact, sincere public way, is known for a man who has opinions, and is heard with great attention. Herr Simson is gray, with a face in which benevolence and firmness are equally marked, and beside being a leader, has a reputation as an orator—or as a German friend classically puts it, a Rhetor. He got frequent applause. Bismark pays a close heed to his speech, and from time to time makes a note in a big hand on a big sheet of paper. Though Simson speaks in this matter for the Ministry, he is not a partisan, and he boldly demands that the government to which he gives a support shall abandon henceforth all attempts at unconstitutional legislation. Bismark looks as if he thought that might depend on circumstances—as, for that matter, the King in his queer speech explicitly declared it would. The Count sits with his right arm on the railing of the desk, and occupies himself in adjusting the full mustache which falls over his mouth. The hands are noticeably well shaped, white and flexible, and when official papers are brought in, the long fingers extricate them from the large stiff envelopes with a deft and silent grace, and you decidedly like to see the pains which the great Minister takes to avoid disturbing the speaker who just at the moment is talking very Liberal politics. There was an expectation that Bismark himself would speak, but we waited three hours in vain and came away without hearing him. Next day I saw the Count by appointment for a few minutes in the ante-chamber of the House, and again in the evening at his residence. If this were a private letter, to be read only in that little room that leads out of the great room on the left, I should tell you just how I chanced to see the Count, and about his house, and how he looked and talked, and what, on the whole, I came to think of this celebrated person. Probably that would give you a better notion of the man than any formal letter that was written with the fear of your types before my eyes. If you please, Mr. G., we will put the public aside, and yours be the peril, if you print. To you, I don't mind saying that I think it a piece of good fortune to have had this interview. The Prussian Prime Minister is the busiest man in Europe, and ten minutes of his time are worth much. When a kind friend, who knows Count Bismark well, gave me a cordial letter of introduction, I thought it probable I might get five minutes speech of him, with a good chance to look into his face. Instead of which, nearly two hours were granted me, and without any questioning on my part—for there is an etiquette in Europe about such matters—Count Bismark was good enough to touch on many points of Prussian and European policy, and of his own history and personal relation to the events of the last four years.

All attempts at personal description I might as well leave unwritten; for, as a rule, there is nothing gives one so meagre a notion of a man's personal appearance as an inventory of his features—except a photograph. There are a few small photographs of Bismark—none good, and a big lithograph that is smoothed and softened into a simpering primness as unlike the original as possible. You are at once reminded of Cromwell's fierce demand that he should be painted as he was: "If you leave out a single wart or wrinkle, I will not give you a shilling." Cromwell's face certainly was not a beautiful one, and Lely, if Lely it were, might be excused, but Bismark's face is a far better one than any of the pictures make it. Not regular at all, scored with deep lines, brows and eyebrows heavy, gray eyes, full, large and well apart, with cavernous dark circles underneath, mouth much hidden under the mustache, the jaw not square but strong, the head of extreme breadth at the temples and rising dome-shaped high in the air. The pictures do not show it fully, because the brow is wide and high, but the head is something like that of Pericles, for whom the wits of Athens were never tired of inventing nick-names to describe its helmet-shape. The craniologists will be happy to find herein an illustration of their theories; there is no denying that both Pericles and Bismark were men in whom revolution was a prominent trait. It is shown in every line of this face, not less than by the great arch of the skull. The countenance is genial as well as resolute; the mouth breaks readily into a smile, and the eyes greet you with honest welcome, and have sun-light in them. Head and face are carried erect, rather more than six feet from the ground, on broad, square shoulders; chest of great depth; rest of the figure muscular and elastic. The diplomatist is a soldier as well, and the military bearing is conspicuous. Over all is the air of good birth and breeding which is natural to one whose ancestry goes back 500 years. We so much abuse the word gentleman in America, that I hesitate to use it, but it belongs to Count Bismark, without regard to his title, or station, or fame. No collection of details suffice to convey any notion of the sense of *power* with which one is impressed at first, and which is never lost. Most celebrated persons whom one meets do not quite come up to their reputation. They are capable of doing great things, but the men themselves are not very great. At the risk of seeming to say too much, I shall venture to say of Count Bismark that he *is* more than he *does*, and that he is a man who is superior without effort, and rules over others by a pre-eminent natural endowment, and not by help of position or good luck, or by knowing how to use the talents of others, which latter is a faculty that creates many a military reputation especially.

Notwithstanding all which, the opinion we have in America that Bismark is King in Prussia, and that the other is King only in name, is a wrong opinion. The royal authority is a very positive fact in this country, and would be so with even a weak King on the throne. But the ruling monarch, though not a man of great intellect, is a man of strong will, has a mind of his own on all public matters, and will not, if he can help it, be led blindly about, nor submit himself readily to the guidance of any one. He requires to be persuaded, and will do no public act till he sees, or thinks he sees, it is in accordance with his own views. There is no country in Europe where the traditions of kingly rule are more potent, and no King who abides more firmly by his own convictions based upon hereditary opinions. In the divine-right and grace-of-God theories he believes profoundly. There was nothing from which he more shrunk than a war with Austria, which was to him the natural ally of Prussia and the representative of Imperialism in Europe. It was step by step that he advanced to the collision which his pride as a king and his judgment as a politician both told him was against his interests. But William is soldier as well as king, and when affairs came to such a crisis that he deemed his honor as an officer pledged to war, then, and then only, was war possible. It has been, one may suppose, not the easiest part of Count Bismark's task for the last four years to conduct along his own path, which led inevitably, though not visibly, to war with Austria, such a man as King William.

This notion of the King might be derived from the common talk in Berlin society as well as from Count Bismark. In what follows I give not always the words, but always the substance of what Bismark said, and much of its importance consists in the fact that *he* said it. The students of European politics will find several grave questions here answered positively which heretofore have been answered only conjecturally. In this condensed version I fear I have sacrificed altogether the spirit and vivacity which marked the language of Count Bismark, and which were more remarkable as he spoke English throughout, using our tongue with precision and even with idiomatic freedom. At the beginning he spoke with an air of great weariness, on which he himself commented, observing that he had been up for two nights, and that it was many months since he had any real rest. "I am so tired," said the Count, "that if I could sleep for ten hours I should not wake, and if I were waked, I could sleep for ten more." Upon this, which was said laughingly, I rose to go, but was put down in my chair again, and after a few sentences, Count Bismark began with a personal narrative, most of which I omit, and with a statement of Prussian politics, which I condense as follows, and which I prefer to submit without comment or elucidation. To those who are familiar with the history of the struggle in Prussia between Bismark and the Liberals, and in Germany between Prussia and Austria, the bearing of this brief report will be sufficiently clear:

The administrative system of Prussia has been much praised. It is in fact a system full of contradictions and difficulties. In a service from which the King cannot remove his officers at will, discipline is nearly impossible. The government of Prussia is neither a proper constitutional government, in which the authority of ministers is dependent on a vote of Parliament, nor an absolute government, in which they are dependent only on the will of the King. The Cabinet consists of seven Ministers, chosen for their acquaintance with the affairs of war, of finance, of justice, etc. But the assent of these ministers is necessary to be obtained for any measure of foreign policy also, which cannot be adopted till a majority has approved it. * * * When the former ministry resigned in 1862, they had brought the King into collision with Parliament, and there left him. Count Bismark, in assuming office, found himself obliged to continue this conflict. On the question of the army, the King and the Parliament could not be as one. The army needed a radical change in its organization, and having been mobilized in 1859, that opportunity had been taken as most convenient for the increase of the regiments. To-day every one sees that this step has proved essential to the success of Prussia, but its necessity was what no one would then believe, because the exigency of to-day was not foreseen, and its probable arrival could not be safely explained or predicted. But the regiments were increased, new officers were appointed, for whose pay there was no constitutional provision, and other large expenses were incurred. Parliament demanded that all this should be undone, but to disband the regiments and discharge the officers was impossible in view of such a future as has since arrived; nor could the money which had been paid out be recalled into the treasury. The budget, which Parliament demanded should be annulled, represented in fact, for the most part, sums of money already disbursed. The conflict was, therefore, not only irrepressible, but incapable of adjustment without abandoning a policy essential to the safety of Prussia, or without such explanations of that policy as would have insured in advance its defeat.

"In respect of foreign policy," said Count Bismark, "I foresaw that the reorganized army was a necessity; that upon it, and not upon parliaments, or speeches before dinner, or after dinner, must Prussia depend for her hope of nationality. A nation she then was not, in the high sense of that word, nor was there hope that with her fantastical frontiers and outlying provinces, her people should grow to think themselves one. The territorial configuration of the country was a source of weakness not to be obviated by even a far stronger sentiment of nationality than then existed, and it was before all things essential to the future of Germany that there should be first a Prussia able to insist on its opinions. I repeat, to declare such a policy in advance was to defeat it. The King would have opposed it utterly, Austria would have been forewarned and supplied with weapons, foreign courts would have scouted it as visionary, or have actively thwarted every step toward its accomplishment. To-day the work is not done, but its final success I look upon as assured. North of the Main, Germany is one.

* * * * * *

"France did not at all anticipate the conflict would take the shape it has. She was not unfriendly to Prussia, but expected surely to see at the end of a three months conflict both parties exhausted, no doubt, but Prussia having the worst of it. Then she was to step in to help Prussia—of course for a consideration, which Prussia was to be in no position to refuse. The sudden and extraordinary success of Prussia alarmed the Emperor of the French in the prospect of a united Germany, a great German power established in a moment in the centre of Europe and upon the frontier of France, *and his interposition in the peace negotiations was to prevent that complete union.* The part which he actually played was a part very different from that which he first contemplated. * * * To have persisted at that moment would have been to go to war with France as well as with Austria.

"The result of the war is to make it possible that Prussia should be a nation capable to govern itself. She fought for defence, for her own existence, and for Germany. Some people fancied it possible to unite Germany by speeches at Frankfort, but there were only two things which could make a Germany —a war or a revolution. Had Prussia not been able to lead the movement, she was likely to have been broken in pieces territorially, and Bavaria or Saxony would have had as much control in German politics as Prussia, while in European politics she might have been no better than another Belgium. The nationality of Prussia lay in her army. With the army as it was in 1859 it would have been impossible to fight. Two-thirds of her force was comprised in the Landwehr (the militia), unavailable for instant necessities, and the ranks were filled with men who had families and wished no war. It was necessary to break that up. I believe the Liberal party of Prussia now sees that a policy has been pursued during the last four years tending steadily to one end, and that the means employed were, if not the only, at least a sure method of reaching it. They clearly see that it was impossible to make such explanations as might have removed the necessity for the conflict I was obliged to carry on against them. I rejoice at their cordial acquiescence in the results that have been achieved, and that their assurance of good will and support are sincere I heartily believe—I should profoundly regret to doubt it—God forbid. On my part, be sure the feeling is cordial. The king's speech was sincere, and his desire to be on good terms with the Liberals is a genuine one, and I trust will continue. But the influences which surround the king are well known and they cannot always be successfully opposed."

Much more was said about the King, which I must omit. The very interesting narrative which Count Bismark gave of the circumstances attending his accession to office four years ago, and of his interviews with the King—these also must be passed over. I will only add that while the Minister President evidently finds his abilities often sorely tasked to persuade the King into his views of foreign and home policy, Count Bismark as a Prussian is animated by a sentiment of loyalty perfectly genuine. He may speak of the King at times with some freedom, but he will always serve him faithfully. "You, as a Republican," said Count Bismark, "cannot understand the feeling with which when called to the Ministry I proffered my services to the King. For four or five hundred years my ancestors had served his. That I should tell him when I thought him wrong, was not less necessary than that so long as I continued Minister I should obey. When it became impossible to obey, it was possible to resign." There is a contrast here which will not fail to suggest itself. On one side the Ministry conducting the King step by step along a path he would not tread for one instant could he but see whither it led; on the other, the subject, professing and sincerely feeling the utmost loyalty to his sovereign. This is none the less human nature because it happens to be a contradiction. It is true also that loyalty to the crown is a national sentiment among the Prussians and that the throne of the Hohenzollerns stands firmer today than that of any royal house in Europe. I have heard from Liberals expressions of attachment to the King, *as* King, which would surprise those who are accustomed to think of Liberalism and Republicanism as one.

All that was said about the military operations of the campaign I leave unrecorded, except this, as to the operations that would have taken place had the armistice been broken off. "There was no difficulty" about taking Vienna—no such consideration had the slightest influence on the question of peace. But Vienna had no military value—its political prestige as the capital of the Empire alone made its capture desirable. It would not have been obstinately defended by the Austrian army, which meditated a retirement into Hungary, whither we must have followed it, for the army of Austria, and not its capital, was our objective. The possession of Vienna would have been a hinderance to us. To have captured it, which would not have cost the lives of many of our soldiers, and then to have abandoned it, would have looked ill, while to retain it would have required a detatchment of 20,000 or 25,000 men from the forces in the field. Vienna lies on the right bank of the Danube; the army in moving into Hungary in pursuit of the Austrians must have followed on the left bank, for it would have been wholly impossible to conduct a campaign with the Danube between the army and its base; and so Vienna could have been of no sort of use.

That Count Bismark's opinions on constitutional government are not likely to find favor among those of us in America who believe in a government founded on ideas I am very sure; but such as they are I give them. In respect to Prussian affairs, the question was considered in some details, but the general statement is at least compact and lucid. "In a government by written constitution there is no such thing as an absolute right on either side. A right absolute in terms must be subject to limitation in practice when its exercise comes in collision with another right equally perfect in theory, as must often be the case. Both are rights, but their co-enjoyment may prove quite impossible; then one must give way, and the welfare of the State must determine which. Be sure that in a parliamentary constitutional government, if you adopt the maxim *fiat justitia, pereat mundus*, it is the *pereat mundus* that will always come upon you."

The conversation touched briefly on American topics. "In our relations with the United States, I never had a doubt. The Tory party in Prussia, to which I am supposed to belong, at the outbreak of your war besought the King to recognize the South. I opposed it inflexibly. To me it was clear that the North only could be the true ally of Prussia; with the South we had nothing in common. The government of Prussia never wavered in its friendship for yours. [The sentence was uttered proudly, and the burning eyes flamed brighter than ever.] It is a traditional policy with us. Frederick the Great was, I think, the first European sovereign to recognize your Independence. I am heartily glad to know that America understands and reciprocates the friendly feeling we have steadily maintained."

And here follows a curious statement—a fact not known to me before, and I think unpublished in America. "At the beginning of our war," said Count Bismark, "Austria was stronger than we on the water, and Italy was not sure to us. It was proposed to me that the leading Southern naval officers should join us with 5,000 men and suitable vessels. They were not to come at all as the Confederate navy, but as individuals, and the most eminent officers among them were included in the offer. I consulted your minister to know whether an acceptance of this offer would be offensive to the American government. Mr. Wright was in doubt, and wrote to Washington. He received instructions to oppose the scheme, and I at once declined having anything to do with it. Semmes made the proposal."

Berlin has a store of anecdotes about Bismark from his youth up, illustrating his extraordinary personal courage and strength. In respect to the attempted assassination, I heard some details on better authority than gossip. The story which the English papers sent us that Count Bismark wore armor was not true. He was walking along the Linder—the place was afterward shown to me—when he heard a shot fired near him, to which he paid no attention. A second shot within a few feet caused him to turn round, and he realized the situation. I suppose no man was ever less at a loss what to do in such an emergency; and indeed it is evident enough that nothing but quickness and resolution saved the Count's life at the moment. The assassin was only a yard or two off, his finger on the trigger for the third shot; Bismark sprang upon him, seized him by the shoulders, and, as the pistol exploded for the third time, violently whirled him half round, so that the shot just grazed by, and so for two more shots; half paralyzing the man by the force of his grasp, he jerked him from side to side and finally threw him on the pavement. It all happened in three seconds—the police came, the man was carried off, and Bismark went his way. There is a post in which they show you one of the bullets deep sunk. At Königgratz, in that critical hour, when the attack of Prince Frederick Charles had been repulsed, and the Crown Prince had not yet arrived upon the field, they say all men desponded, save Bismark alone. The Prussian army was very near defeat; it was known then and now, but Bismark, say those who were about him, through those two hours of unutterable suspense and anxiety was light-hearted and confident as ever. We have nothing to do with the matter, but I mention as a thing whispered in military circles that Prince Frederick Charles is believed to have attacked two hours sooner than he was ordered, in the hope to finish the battle and win the victory before the Crown Prince could come up.

Count Bismark's endurance is another of his extraordinary qualities. Berthier says of Napoleon that during a campaign he allowed himself but four hours sleep out of the twenty-four. In the campaign of Königgratz Bismark slept but eighty hours in thirty-one days. Before it there was for a year scarcely less demand upon his energies, and how it is since and now I have above indicated. A man cannot stand this forever; the deep lines in Bismark's face (lines deep as if burned in with hot iron), the bloodshot eyes and occasional attacks of neuralgia, show that the wear and tear have made inroads even upon his iron constitution. As I conclude this letter—much later, owing to circumstances, than I began it—the session of Parliament is at an end, and, though negotations are still in progress, Count Bismark has left Berlin for a month's rest. I trust he may return with fresh strength. No man's life is more necessary to Germany and to Europe. It ought to be understood in America that the hopes of Liberalism in Germany—at least all near hopes—hang upon its once most dreaded enemy. I do not offer this as my opinion; I but repeat the declarations made to me by the most eminent Liberals in Germany. There was no dissenting voice among them. When, the day after this conversation, Count Bismark was confined to his room and he was reported dangerously ill, there was extreme solicitude on the part of the Liberals. "If Bismark dies, what becomes of our party and of Germany?" said they. Their support is given him in Parliament almost without restriction, and where there is a difference between the government and the Liberals, it arises not from a distrust of Bismark, but from a dread of his removal, and of putting unchecked power over the finances into the hands of the Junker or Tory Ministry which would succeed him. I cannot doubt that Bismark deserves the confidence thus reposed in him. From my interview with him I brought away the conviction that he is a man of absolute sincerity. Be his policy right or wrong, he believes in it, and in himself, and he has set all hearts in the state to what tune pleased his ear.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

EPITAPH on Mr. Jones, a celebrated bone merchant:

"Here lies the bones
Of William Jones,
Who, when alive, collected bones,
But Death, that bony, grizzly spectre,
That most amazing bone collector,
Has boned poor Jones so snug and tidy,
That here he lies in *bona fide*."

STUDENT LIFE IN GERMANY.

MR. G. M. TOWLE, U. S. Consul at Nantes, contributes to *Hours at Home* a pleasant sketch of "Student Life in Germany," as seen in Heidelberg, from which we make some selections:

THE STUDENTS.

The well-fed, indolent, sauntering, German "boy," awakens interest as soon as one sees him, his manner and dress are so entirely in contrast with our American undergraduates. Let me describe, as nearly as I can, the German student as he appears to stranger eyes—one of a straggling group, sauntering up High street. He is large built, rather stout, and very heavy, both in countenance and gait; his face is large and square, with an expression indicative of good living and much beer; his hair, of a dullish brown color, is cropped closely to the head; upon one side of the skull rests a small round cap, richly embroidered in gold or silver cord and vari-colored, attached to the head by a small elastic behind—this the cap of the society to which the student belongs; a square and plump body, with short, thick arms and large hands and feet; enveloped usually in a frock, inexpressibles of the most fashionable color and cut, and high, heavy boots, apparent to the knees; upon his face many scars and little strips of plaster crossing each other—badges of honor these, won in the famous duels of which I shall speak in another paper; in his mouth a long pipe of porcelain, upon which is depicted some super-graceful beauty, a society device, or a representation of the grand old castle, rearing itself above the town, the stem of a shape like a swan's neck, and a bowl of large capacity; in his hand a small cane, or rather stick, for it is too short to be used as a cane, with some fanciful oddity as a handle; and by his side, running anon between his heels, a small, blear-eyed, enormous-headed, blood-thirsty looking bull-dog, dearer to his master than women, pipe, I had almost said beer; a sort of lazy swagger in his gait, a usually good-humored expression, a very loud laugh, a want of care in the toilet, and a *tout ensemble* which indicates a life of indolence and pleasure. There are, to be sure, studious-looking men, abstemious men, quick, active men, and men whose dress betrays a limited purse, and whose solitude betokens their ostracism from the convivial student clubs, and the bonds which bind large circles of friends. But I have described the common type of the German student, as far as externals go, the student who goes to the University with competent means, and follows his native, and the fashionable inclination,

REDEEMING TRAITS.

That the acquaintance of these pleasure-loving students is easily made I soon found out; and I discovered much that was admirable and suggestive in their manners and habits, upon a closer observation. Many of them spoke English after a fashion, all of them were good French linguists. There was, amid much bluntness and peculiarity of manner, a sort of chivalrous tone of feeling which was quite captivating. Their courtesy, which was addressed no less to each other than to a stranger, partook of that refinement which is to be found in every part of continental Europe, and which is by no means confined to the purlieus of royal and imperial courts. There is with them that *suaviter in modo* which, for the time at least, leads one to forget the want of *fortiter in re*. The favorite amusements of the German students are essentially sedentary and indolent ones, especially when compared with those of English and American students. I do not know that there is any such thing as boat-racing, yachting, or punting, at Heidelberg; if there is, I did not discover it.

BEER AND SENTIMENT.

The typical German student is a singular compound of sentiment and sensuality. One has only to be among them a day to discover that they possess a most romantic attachment to the "Fatherland;" it is as easy to see how equally strong is the propensity to drink beer. There are patriotic songs you are never done hearing; patriotic toasts are drunk and drunk again at every carousal, festivity, and college meeting; the night is wasted by patriotic speeches; every man who is not brimful of patriotic fervor is prescribed, and to listen to these burly youths, you would think that the sole aspirations of their lives, the sole object of their education, was to unite in a grand effort to consolidate and imperialize Germany, to restore once more the iron crown to the Christian successors of the Cæsars. Of late, indeed, there has been a furor among certain bodies of the students for a free, republican Germany, exhibited at recent conventions, and causing some little disturbance among the petty princes who govern the universities; but the idea of the great majority is that which they have inherited—an idea born of tradition, seeking its strength in the memory of past glories.

CHIVALRY.

There is nothing so enchanting to the fancy of the German student as the old ideas of feudal chivalry. He would have the world believe that he is the inheritor and the representative of the race of knights who fought and died in the service of love, who held out in donjon keeps against overwhelming numbers, who followed Raymond of Toulouse to the breach of Jerusalem. He would be thought the champion of chivalric honor, the soul of chivalric valor. He disdains to strike a man with his fist—an affront, however slight, must be wiped out by the blood of his antagonist. To be sure, the blood may only be a little, forced by a mere scratch, but the code of chivalry is satisfied, and honor is maintained.

Among many ridiculous consequences of this self-flattering belief in chivalry, there are some which are to be commended. A German student is nearly always courteous, slow to give offense, although quick in resentment. A German student honors women, and there is something quite fascinating in the manner in which he approaches ladies of his own rank. His friendship is strong and faithful, he is usually sincere, and his word is to be taken with perfect trust.

GERMAN LANDLORDS.

No man is so grasping of money as a German Jew; my landlord sought every occasion to add to the bill of charges. Still one can trust a German enough not to fear theft, and to feel safe from glaring imposition. The cost of living in Rhenish Germany, as is well known, is quite trifling, comparing it with American prices. My rooms cost five guldens a fortnight—about two dollars of our money. As the custom was, my breakfast was brought to me while in bed, and consisted of a long roll of bread, a bowl of coffee (and excellent coffee it was), and now and then a small steak, or a slice of ham. This meal cost from six to eight cents per day. Dinner at a very good students' boarding-club, with delicious amber-colored wine of Rhine, added to the expenditure another gulden (forty cents) daily. It was customary, about five or six in the evening, to take a cup of coffee or chocolate with a little bread, at a restaurant, and this (if indeed it were called a meal at all) was the final meal of the day. The whole cost of living, for one who lived well but with respectable moderation, amounted to about $2 50 a week, or $130 a year, a rate which will make the undergraduates of Yale and Harvard stare with astonishment. The college fees are about $9 a year, and I was told that the average annual expenditure of a student whose means were easy and habits not extravagant, was $300 to $400. This includes clothes, pocket-money, clubs, college suppers and recreations, fencing lessons, and in fact everything. Poor students who did not indulge in festivities, practiced a strict economy, and received some little aid from university funds, often brought their annual expenditure within the sum of one hundred dollars! And even this sum gave a margin for occasional beer-drinking and pipe supplies, without which necessities it is quite impossible to conceive a German student. And if we take these prices as comprising the expenses of students who live comfortably and dress respectably, it may be imagined how trifling must be the sum which supports a German peasant family who are supplied with food from their own little plot of ground. One is not surprised, then, that good help should be got in the provincial German towns for a dollar a month, that a delightful coach-ride may be had for fifteen cents, that the best operas may be heard, in comfortable seats and cozy theatres, for a price equally small.

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